IN MERRY MEASURE

TOM MASSON

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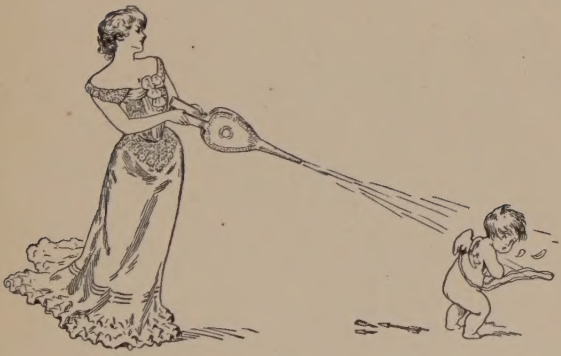

by TOM MASSON

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TO ZULETTE

MY *dear, your face was meant to kiss,*
By one, selected for such bliss—
Just one—and I should—well, rejoice
If you would let ME *make that choice.*

IN MERRY MEASURE

by

TOM MASSON

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
Fifteen Minutes to Spare,	1
The Victor,	3
Reassured,	4
Her Friend,	6
Visitors,	7
The Regular Army O,	8
The Longest Way Round,	10
To a Fair Saint,	11
Two Violets,	12
After the Play,	13
Saint and Sinner,	14
Broadway,	16
Song of a Winner,	17
The One Thing Needful,	18
Friendship,	19
To New York,	20
Her Aunt,	21
Profundity,	22
Invocation to the Year,	23
May,	24
Too Soon,	26
No Change,	26
The Considerate Girl,	27
In High Society,	28
His Limit,	36
Not Strange,	38
At Last,	39
His Light Put Out,	40
Settles at Last,	40
My Poker Girl,	41
Corrected,	41
To an Old Dress Coat,	42
Love's Iron Rule,	43
To a Diamond Ring,	43
Lib,	44
Why,	45
The Missing Key,	46
Progress,	47
All I Ask,	48
The Saddest of All,	49
The Sweet Girl Graduate,	50
Some Ancestral Reflections,	52
The Real Heaven,	53

CONTENTS

	PAGE
In Youth, . . .	54
Chant of a Grateful New Yorker,	56
Their Lesson, . .	58
Nemesis, . . .	59
Miss Brown of Toledo, ...	60
To a Lost Love, .	61
Wonder What I'm Going to Get? .	62
Under the Mistletoe, ...	63
Changing Her Mind, . . .	64
In Leap Year, . .	66
To You, . . .	66
The Welcome Guest, . . .	67
The Wicker Chair She Sat In, . .	68
Evicted, . . .	69
The Reflections of a Mirror, . . .	69
His Wife, . . .	70
A Wish, . . .	71
Not a Coquette, .	72
I Love You, . .	73
One Room More, .	74
The Hotel Hope, .	75
Ghosts, ...	76
Love's Paradox, .	77
Ad Infinitum, . .	78
My Vacation, . .	79
The Summer Girl,	80
When My Ship Came In, . .	82
A Willing Invalid, .	83
In Love, . . .	84
Her Excuse, . .	86
The Educated Wife,	87
Only Six Months More, . . .	89
On Looking at an Old Portrait, .	90
Afterwards, . . .	92
Hard, ...	93
An Adaptable Poem, . . .	93
Absurd, ...	94
To Mabel, . . .	95
The Same Girl, .	96
Enough, . . .	97
The Fairies' Christmas Ball, . . .	98
A Condition, . .	99
A Want, . . .	100
Better Still, . . .	101
Transformation, .	102
Love's Round, . .	103
My Comrade, . .	104
A Tragedy, . .	105
Men Are Deceivers Ever, . . .	106
Jogity-Jog, . . .	107

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Not the Same Girl,	108
The Romance of a Button,	110
Love's Lesson,	110
His Quest,	111
An Impossible Girl,	112
Disillusionment,	113
My Ornaments,	115
No,	115
A Woman's Way,	116
A Few Wants,	117
The Cause,	117
Too Much,	118
The Dying Buzzer,	118
Desolation,	120
A Fair Return,	121
How a Valentine is Wrought,	122
A Warning,	123
A Candid Lover,	123
He Took Her,	124
How She Accepted Him,	125
Longings,	126
Anonymous,	127
My Dancing Girl,	128
What It Is,	130
The Stupid Man,	131
?	131
His Reason,	132
Her Answer,	133
The Laugh That Comes With Years,	134
The Talkative Girl,	135
Just the Thing,	135
December,	136
A Modern Journalist,	138
Unchanged,	139
On a Summer Evening,	139
Annabel Lee Up-to-date,	140
The Serenader,	142
Defied,	142
Lonely,	143
Depths,	143
She Didn't Like Men,	144
Strange,	144
Angelina,	145
Little Bobbie's Christmas Tree,	146
A Modern Courtship,	147
The Kiss,	148
Her Invitation,	149
To A Modern Maid,	150
A Great Relief,	151
When I Get Time,	152

MA

FIFTEEN MINUTES TO SPARE

AT exactly fifteen minutes to eight
His step was heard at the garden gate.

And then with heart that was light and gay,
He laughed to himself in a jubilant way

And rang the bell for the maiden trim
Who'd promised to go to the play with him ;

And told the maid with a joyous air,
To say there were fifteen minutes to spare.

And then for fifteen minutes he sat
In the parlor dim, and he held his hat,

And waited and sighed for the maiden trim
Who'd promised to go to the play with him,

Until, as the clock overhead struck eight
He muttered : " Great Scott, it is getting late ;"

And took a turn on the parlor floor
And waited for fifteen minutes more ;

And swore to himself in a dubious way
And thought of those seats in the front parquet,—
And midnight came and the break of day.

That day and the next and the next one too,
He sat and waited the long hours through.

Then time flew on and the years sped by,
And still he sat with expectant eye

And lengthening beard, for the maiden trim
Who'd promised to go to the play with him ;

Until one night, as with palsied hand
He sat in a chair, for he couldn't stand,

And drummed in an aimless way, she came
And opened the door with her withered frame.

The moon's bright rays touched the silvered hair
Of her who had fifteen minutes to spare.

And then in tones that he strained to hear
She spoke, and she said : " Are you ready, dear? '

THE VICTOR

THREE riders raced on the broad highway :
The Devil, a woman, a man ;
And spurring his steed, laughed the Devil gay :
" Come, follow me, ye who can ! "

Three riders raced, and the stakes were Sin,
Over the broad highway ;
And the Devil was second in coming in—
For the woman led the way.

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Drawn by C. D. Gibson.

REASSURED

REASSURED

"YOU are so very clever,"
He said, "I sometimes fear
In culture I will never
Keep up with you, my dear.

"Your mind is scientific,
And philosophic, too;
Your thoughts are so prolific
I stand in awe of you.

"The things that I conjecture,
To you are stories old;
On many themes you lecture
On which I am—well, cold.

"And so I sometimes wonder,
In those dim future hours,
When we have stepped out yonder,
Beyond the altar flowers,

"If, after all, we're fated
Congenial souls to be—
Sweetheart, will you feel mated
With such an one as me?"

"You silly boy! How funny
You talk," she cried. "Pray heed
The art of making money
Is really all *you* need."

HER FRIEND

'TWAS in the Boston fast express a little maiden sat;
She occupied the seat alone; beside her lay her hat.
She clutched her dolly to her breast in childish mother play,
As if she feared some dreadful giant would snatch it right away.
"Are you alone, my little girl?" I asked, as I stooped down.
"My mamma told me Dod was here," she said with half a frown.
"She tissed me an' my dolly, an' I dess I don't know you."
"But, dear," I answered smiling, "tell me where you're going to."
She twisted in her seat, and then she tossed her tangled hair.
"I'm doin' on to Boston, an' my pop'll meet me there."
"But, dear," I questioned gently, "if the choo-choo cars should stop,
"And you should walk, and walk, and walk and then not find your pop,
What would you do?" The little maiden shook her head and frowned.
"My mamma says when pop is gone, that Dod is somewhere round."

The train rolled into Boston town. I waited there awhile
And watched my little blue eyes, with her half-expectant smile.

"Dess waitin' for my pop," she said, "with dolly
fast asleep."
And then a man came rushing in. I knew him by
his leap.
He snatched his little daughter up with frantic, feverish
glee;
And then with father's instinct, quick his eye was
turned on me.
"Well, Bess," he asked, "who is your friend?"
With quaint, expressive nod
The maid replied: "I dess I know. I *fink* it mus'
be Dod."

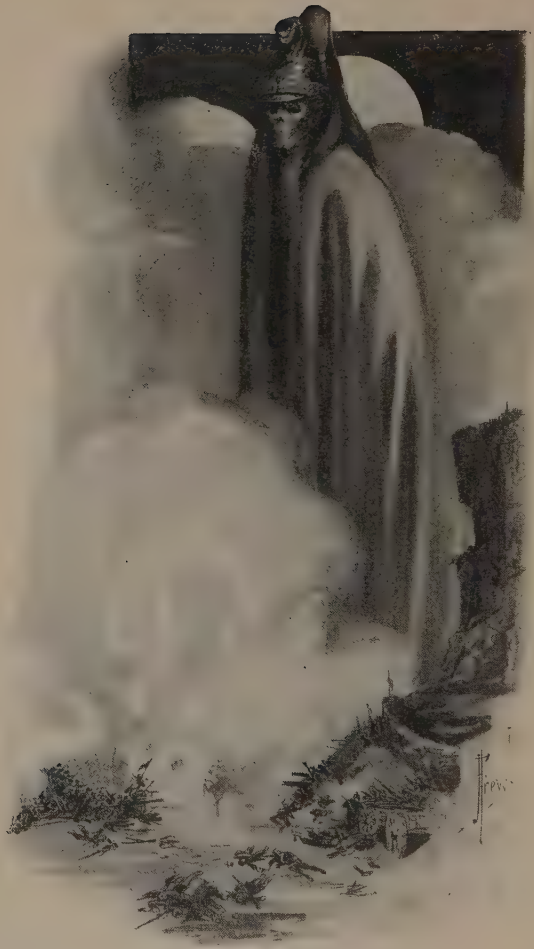
VISITORS

MY mind is an aquarium
That's full of funny fish;
I love to sit and have them come,
Obedient to my wish.

Sometimes these fish are beautiful,
With colors gay and bright,
And then, again, they are quite dull,
And not a pleasant sight.

They're liveliest at feeding time;
I give them hopes and fears:
Nutritious thoughts, an idle rhyme—
But they prefer ideas.

My mind is an aquarium
The finny tribes invest,
And yet, of all the fish that come,
I love the mermaids best.



"THE SMOKE OF BATTLE"

THE REGULAR ARMY O

THE smoke of the battle fills the air and the dust is flying high ;
We give three cheers for the volunteers and the men about to die.
For the heroes brave whom we know, we wave, as they charge in gallant style,
And we shout hurrah for the chance of war and the favor of Fortune's smile.
And the glorious deeds that the reader reads are the things we all may know:
But not so plain is the might and main of the Regular Army O.

On the nation's tongue are the words unsung of this silent, moving mass.
Yet the victories won by heart and gun might never have come to pass
If their measured swing and their rifles' ring had not been there that day
To bear the brunt at the battle's front in the Regular Army way.
We give three cheers for the volunteers as they charge o'er a fallen foe—
It were better still if our throats might fill for the Regular Army O.

In Time's great mint, when the circling glint of the glory coins is seen,
It's lustre will strike on the boys, alike as their glorious deeds have been.
And as sure as Fate metes out to the great their fullest measure of right,

There shall be no song, but a record long of the ones
who trained to fight.
There shall be no dime in the mint of Time struck out
in the afterglow,
But an eagle of gold shall be unrolled for the Regular
Army O.

THE LONGEST WAY AROUND

A SIGN-POST at the forkéd road
Of Time stood grim and gray,
And to the post a traveller strode,
In doubt which was the way.

One road led up the stony hill,
The other road led down :
The downward road to Luckyville,
And up, to Hardshiptown.

T'ward Luckyville he set his face,
Yet, even as he turned,
A traveller coming from that place
His hopeful eyes discerned.

He waited till the other came,
The steeper road to take.
"Is Luckyville," he said, "so tame,
That you its joys forsake ?"

"Not so," the stranger quick replied,
As up the hill he went.
"That sign was wrong : I know, who've tried
The rash experiment.

"I'm going up this stony hill.
Already I've been down,
And find the way to Luckyville
Is 'round through Hardshiptown."

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TO A FAIR SAINT

FOR forty tedious days drawn out,
O most perverse of misses
(Your sacrifice you say it was)
You've kept from me your kisses.

And now you come with lips held up
To mine—your penance over—
You'd have me leave the arid sands
And dwell once more in clover.

But has it been an arid sand
For me while you've been fasting?
Dear me, so far as I'm concerned,
Your penance can be lasting.

Sahara was too much for me,
It had too dry a basis,
And while you fasted, dear, I found
A dimpled, sweet oasis.

TWO VIOLETS

IN a field apart two violets bloomed,
And over their heads the tall grass loomed.

And there came one day a frolicsome breeze
That parted the grass so they saw the trees,

And catching a glimpse of the world outside
They chafed at the fate that had kept them tied

To a nook obscure in a gloomy dell
Where scarcely a drop of dew ere fell,

And they drooped their heads, for they longed to see
What the wonderful world outside might be.

When lo! as it happened, a maiden strayed
Close by where the breeze with the violets played

And seeing but one,—for they grew apart—
She pressed it close to her throbbing heart

And took it away: and the flower was glad:
But the one that was left behind was sad,

And drooped its sorrowful head and pined
And paid no heed to the whispering wind.

Until, as it chanced next day once more
The maiden came, and her breast still bore

The faded one that she'd taken away
With a song in its heart but yesterday

And seeing its brother growing free,
It cried with its dying breath "Ah me!

I've seen the world, and behold my fate,
So hide your head ere it be too late."

But the one that was left said : " I'm not afraid,"
And lifted its face to the merry maid.

" To-morrow I'll be content to die,
But let me now to the gay world fly."

AFTER THE PLAY

THE door is closed upon thy face—
Alas ! the evening's over.
And as my steps I homeward trace
I know for four short hours my place
Has been, dear one, in clover.

How simply sweet you were ! what grand
Ambitions, feelings, filled me !
And when you touched me with your hand
Perhaps you did not understand
Just how, my love, you thrilled me.

You thrilled me, dear, and yet I feel
So hopeless now, so saddened,
Discouraged, down at mouth and heel,
And dismal shadows o'er me steal :
No more can I be gladdened.

For with myself I'm all at rout :
My confidence is shaken
Because I came away in doubt
And left you, dearest one, without
That kiss I might have taken.

SAINT AND SINNER.

SAINT AND SINNER

HALF hidden in the pew, she sits.
A truant sunbeam softly flits
Across her modest, saint-like face,
As if the angels thought to trace
Upon those features that they love
An Easter blessing from above.
Demure, with modest eyes downcast
My angel sits. Ah, I would fast
For forty days for just one look
From those sweet eyes bent on the book ;
And if she'd give me three or four,
I'd be content to eat no more.

HER THOUGHTS

Those horrid aisles (that dress is brown),
I wish those people would sit down.
Now where could she have got that fan ?
Oh, I suppose some silly man.
Dear, dear, that choir-boy has a cold.
How that man stares ! He's really bold.
My bonnet, can it have a crook ?
I wish I'd taken one more look.
Umph ! Who is that with the Pratts ?
What sights they are in those new hats.
There's Percy—won't he be enraged

When Clara tells him she's engaged.
My ! What a fright Bess is in blue ;
It cost her ninety dollars, too ;
Well, I paid eighty (what a muss !
But then pa always makes a fuss).
Oh my, there's Smithy—such a face !
(Those horrid psalms ! I've lost my place).

I hope his sermon won't be long ;
The poor, dear fellow isn't strong.
Why, there is Fred ! Dear me, what next ?
I hope I won't forget the text.

BROADWAY

O STREET of Gotham, famed afar !
Thou vinous vein of human fate
Of Sin is there such plethora
That makes thy way so broad and straight ?

Upon thy flinty paving stones
I gaze, yet may I not forget
Above the laughter and the moans
The face of man is harder yet.

Broadway ! Thou Babel of the age
What one is there with strain profuse
Who could, upon a printed page
Thy alien echoes reproduce ?

Broadway ! There goes the millionnaire,
The beggar crouches at his side,
And in thy red stream his despair
The hopeless bankrupt seeks to hide.

Broadway ! In furs and furbelows
My lady from her carriage glides
And yet no gap thy current shows
O street ! so swiftly move thy tides.

Save as some wrinkled woman's heart
Where want has set its lines of strife
May note my lady act her part,
Such are the rags and lace of life.

Broadway! The glare of painted face,
The fleck and foam above the storm,
The inward shudder of disgrace
The outward flash of flesh and form.

The warrior, statesman, actor, peer,
World puppets born in discontent,
The Saxon, Celt, the sage, the seer—
New England and the Orient;

And like some guardian of the law
There strides thy monarch bold, O street,
With cloven foot, insatiate maw—
Proud Satan, smiling, on his beat!

SONG OF A WINNER

(*With apologies to Poe.*)

HEAR the players with their chips—
Ivory chips—
What a music's in them as they pass the finger-tips!
How they jingle, jingle, jingle
In the humid air of night!
Sometimes melting to a single
While the winners' voices mingle
With a crystalline delight.
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme

To the tintinnabulation that so musically slips
From the chips, chips, chips, chips,
Chips, chips, chips—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the chips.

THE ONE THING NEEDFUL

THIS maiden does not care for Browning ;
She's voted Tennyson a bore ;
At Ibsen's name I've seen her frowning,
And heaven knows how many more

Of those among the world's immortals
Would have no welcome for their pains,
If I should lead them o'er the portals
Of that sweet home wherein she reigns.

Pray do not think her dull. She's clever,
She may not know a madrigal,
And yet I do not think that ever
Was maiden more original.

How different I ! For while she's swinging
Around to some new waltz divine,
Alone unto my books I'm clinging,
Like musty cobwebs to old wine.

And while, in accents always jolly,
On commonplaces she can dwell,
I, slightly tinged with melancholy,
Am wondering how she talks so well.

And yet I do not mind confessing
I'm satisfied, and so is she.
That we are not alike's a blessing—
For I love her, and she loves me.

FRIENDSHIP

ONE day my bookish zeal led me to look
Through the rough pages of a dog's-eared book,
That lay, with many others, on a stand
Where musty volumes posed as second hand.
A friend, a fellow of the nicest taste,
Was with me, and entreated me to haste ;
Yet, ere he snatched me from the tome, I caught
From its stained leaves the kernel of a thought.

That thought I took away, and when night came
I mused : " How small is friendship, and how tame !
I've known my friend for years, and yet I wis
He never gave me such a thought as this.

Next day, once more I passed the book-stall by,
Again the musty volume caught my eye.
My friend was not in sight. With furtive joy
I took it up as children clutch a toy ;
And then I saw, half stricken out with age
His name engraved upon the title-page.

"WHAT'S GOING ON IN BROADWAY TOWN."

TO NEW YORK

(BY AN EXILE.)

NEW YORK, I miss thee ! There's no joy
Nor happiness about me !
New York, thou art life's best alloy,
'Tis hard to do without thee.

What's going on in Broadway town
Is all that's worth revealing.
I'd give—well, more than half a crown
To have that nervous feeling.

Corrupt thou art—yet out of reach !
To dwell in thee (so pitied !)
I'd listen to the dryest speech
The Lotus Club permitted.

To feel thy Elevated's crush,
With bones by practice rounded
To wade once more thy streets of slush
Would be a joy unbounded.

Ah! Could I breathe thy humid air,
So far from antiseptic!
Could I but read thy bills of fare
And be once more dyspeptic!

New York, I miss thee! Keen the pain
To absence thou art giving.
Would I might be with thee again,
Beyond my income living!

HER AUNT

MISS LUCY sits and twists her thread,
And then she lifts her pretty head
To glance across the brief expanse
Between my mansion and her aunt's.

From her back window I can see
Miss Lucy cast a look at me;
I wonder if I throw a kiss,
'Twill fright away the pretty miss?

The kiss is thrown—Miss Lucy blushes,
And from the window quick she rushes;
But Cupid, ever seeking glory,
Mounts upward to the second story,
And I, his footsteps following see
Her aunt return the kiss to me.

"AND TALKS THE TIME AWAY."

PROFUNDITY

SHE sits within an old armchair
And talks the time away,
Of novels nice, the latest air,
The newest buds, the play.

She rattles on and on, and then
I know she wonders why
I am so quiet and solemn, when
Her spirits are so high.

Ah ! fair one, blame me not too much,
I know it's not the thing
For me to scorn thy beauty's touch
And give no answering ring.

And yet my thought's so deep, I swear
It's hard to talk to you,
For I am thinking how that chair
Might easily hold two.

INVOCATION TO THE YEAR

WHEN Nature seeks with fond caressing
To clothe the earth in vernal dressing,
Give us, we beg, an Easter blessing !

On May the first, when moving traces
Can be discerned upon our faces,
Move us, we pray, to better places !

When Summer girls get tired of rowing,
And take to reading and to sewing,
Give them some men to keep things going !

In Autumn, when the trees grow thinner,
And leaves descend on saint and sinner,
Give us a good Thanksgiving dinner !

And when, in hoary old December,
We sit before the dying ember,
Give us a Christmas to remember !

MAY.

24

WHEN I was but a toddling boy, the months were all the same ;
In blissful ignorance I played, and cared not when they came.
July the Fourth, or April First, or Christmas Day to me
Were points upon my line of life. The months? What might they be?
But now, above all other months there is one month, I say,
I always greet with terror; 'tis the merry month of May.

I wake up in the morning with the first rays of the sun ;
I know that I'll be moving out before the day is done.
I know the carpets will come up, the pictures will come down,
I know I'll step a dozen times upon my wife's best gown.
Of all the months in all the year, deliver me, I pray,
From this most trying month of all, the merry month of May.

In tennis trousers and dress coat, to pack the chattels while
The maid of all work superintends, with patronizing smile ;
To dicker with the driver of the gaudy moving van,
To eat one's dinner on the floor, drink coffee from a can.
O dismal season of the year! how gay, how very gay,
I'll feel when it is past and gone, this merry month of May.

When I go up aloft, I think in May I'd like to go ;
For May's the month Fate has ordained that we should move in, so
I've pictured to myself a slab—I want no granite pile—
With just a plain inscription and a paucity of style.
In good plain type upon that stone, I'd like to have you say :
" Deceased has finished moving in the merry month of May."

TOO SOON

LIKE Galileo, watch I for a star.
Patience ! It sweeps not into my small ken ;
I need an instrument too great by far.
One hundred years from now—I'll see it then !

NO CHANGE

THEY say a rose as sweet would smell
By any other name,
And I am quite convinced as well
The price would be the same.

THE CONSIDERATE GIRL

"A KISS upon this valentine
I press," he wrote to her,
"I've placed it underneath this line;
I hope you won't demur."

"I do not want the kiss you sent,"
She answered, "not at all!
But just because it was well meant
I'll keep it till you call."

IN HIGH SOCIETY.

(*The scene is laid in the Casino, at Newport. Everybody who is anybody is present, and a great many who are not anybody. As the curtain rises, the entire company is disclosed singing and dancing in fancy costume. Then advance to the front Mrs. Leeds Thegang, Mrs. G. Brazen Glare, Mrs. O. Howe Vulg, and Mrs. Burstyngside Boodle.*)

QUARTETTE. "WE'RE LEADERS OF SOCIETY."

WE'RE leaders of society !
Come feast your envious eyes.
We dote on notoriety,
As doubtless you surmise.
In clothes we pose both night and day
To the point of extreme satiety ;
So we beg you to gaze
On our every phase,
For we're leaders of smart society.

We're leaders of vulgarity,
Though this is *entre nous ;*
Our stock's above all parity—
Behold us now on view !
In clothes we pose both day and night
To the point of extreme satiety,
And with proper conceit
We beg to repeat,
We're leaders of smart society.

(*They all turn around slowly and importantly, that every one may view, and march majestically to rear to*

loud applause. The orchestra now quiets down, playing a minor strain, as there steps to the front a young girl of stately mien.)

DÉBUTANTE SOLO. "I'M THE DAUGHTER OF A MILLIONAIRE."

I can play a little music, I can sing a little song,
I can talk in French or German, though my accent isn't strong.
I am good in conversation if the subject isn't deep,
And I sit and stand and laugh and cry and walk and eat and sleep.
There are other girls just like me, yet with me they don't compare—
I'm the marketable daughter of a multi-millionaire.

I have had a little schooling of the fashionable sort,
I am up on gown creations and in certain kinds of sport.
I am "peerless" just at present, but for long this cannot be,
For although I may be brainless, yet the ducats go with me,
Which is all that's necessary—so allow me to declare
I'm the marketable daughter of a multi-millionaire.

I've a heart beneath my diamonds that is always in good form—
Mama believes a title is the thing to keep it warm.
My capacity for loving in the good old-fashioned way
Has never been developed, for it's not "the thing" to-day;
Yet I sometimes wish it might be (though to breathe this I don't dare)—
I'm the marketable daughter of a multi-millionaire.

(*A great commotion now takes place, and all the company bow low, as a little man enters slowly and ambles to the footlights. Bouquets are thrown at him, and he acknowledges the homage with slight and weary cranial inclinations, and, adjusting his monocle, delivers himself as follows:*)

SONG OF CONQUEST. LORD TOUGHNUTT.

I'm a true British peer,
With a trace of a leer,
And a checkered career
  Somewhat cynical.
Yet I say, without tact,
As a matter of fact,
In a marriage compact
  I am finical.

I am troubled with gout,
And I cawn't get about,
And you'll think this, no doubt,
  A deficiency.
Yet my title is plain—
In itself without stain—
Which is quite (I maintain)
  A sufficiency.

(*Several business-looking documents are now thrown at him, and his man picks them up and presents them, while he scans them critically, and then continues:*)

Ah! 'Twas as I surmised,
And my friends had advised,
For my title is prized
  By a host of 'em.
I'll be careful until

I have just filled my bill.
In the meantime, I will
Make the most of 'em.

(*He chucks under the chin several heiresses who have placed themselves in line, and hobbles painfully away to "God Save the King." Mrs. Golden Shamm now steps lightly to the front. She is followed by a green glare, which throws her plump and matronly figure into bold relief.*)

SONG OF THE TOP NOTCH. MRS. GOLDEN SHAMM.

I entertain
In a lavish strain
And a certain perspicacity,
Which enables me
Right on top to be
As a leader of known capacity.

I came from naught,
But I've been much sought
Since my husband made his millions,
And the rest of you prance
To dinner and dance
And my glittering gay cotillions.

My family tree
Just a shrub may be,
But my cash is a gaudy entity.
So I sing Ha ! Ha !
I am known afar,
And my social standing's way above par.

CHORUS.

She's a glittering gaudy success. Ha! Ha!
As all of us hate to confess. Ha! Ha!
She's a leader of perspicacity.

Though her family tree is quite small. Ha ! Ha !
Why, this doesn't matter at all. Ha ! Ha !
Compared with her cash capacity.

(*She retires amid the homage of all concerned. The company now separates into two parts as a regiment of society reporters enters to the music of tin horns. They are greeted with prolonged cheers.*)

CHORUS OF SOCIETY REPORTERS.

The warrior and ruler have a certain useful function,
which is doubtless beneficial to the State,
And the toiling politician, with his universal unction,
is of value in a scheme that's ultimate.

The merchant and the lawyer and the savant scientific
may perform some things of value, it is true,
But for matters all momentous, with a bearing pon-
derific, why, allow us to commend ourselves to
you.

Our sense of duty never fails,
We note your gowns with care,
And with zeal untired
Are our pens inspired
By the lovely gems you wear.

While others may be toiling over things inconsequen-
tial, *we're* the ones who write the columns that
you con,
For, in all the world, the only thing that really is es-
sential is relating what the social set has on.

We never, NEVER, NEVER tire,
Though they call it rot, 'tis true.

But each day the names
Of the social dames
We print. It's the thing to do.

(*They are here led away and fed at a side table, while there steps to the front the portly figure of Mr. Bonds Tooburn.*)

SONG OF A MERCHANT PRINCE. BONDS TOOBURN.

With some semblance of urbanity
I view this hollow vanity,
But in truth I'm not so very much inspired.
Though they force me to participate,
I'm not much on the dissipate,
And this social emulation makes me tired.

My money I made
In a "trusty" trade,
But now that I've got it to burn
(Though I still want more),
This "push" I deplore,
And for simpler things I yearn.

But it's useless absolutely
To protest, so I must mutely
Just put up the stuff and give the girls their rein,
Though this sickly combination
Of a brainless aggregation
Is a thing that permeates me with a pain.

So the strain I stand
With my cash in hand,
Though it gives me a qualm, 'tis true,

And I often blush
At the printed slush,
But, of course, it's the thing to do.

CHORUS.

It makes him blush,
Does the printed slush,
And he's tired of the hollow vanity.
But, nevertheless,
He's obliged to confess
That he takes it all in with urbanity.

(No one pays any attention to him, and he steps back and lights a cigar with a coupon. The entire company now joins hands and sings :)

Here's Hey ! to the social firmament,
And we are the stars that turn,
And some glow bright in the dim daylight,
While others in darkness burn.

Here's Hey ! to the central sun of "Cash"
That sends out its rays afar
To the planet gay, in its luminous way,
And its little attendant star.

Here's Hey ! to the slush, and the mush, and the gush, and the glare of the glittering gold,
And the frippery, flummery, asinine mummery grown from the social mould.

(CURTAIN.)

"HE LISTENED TO HIS WIFE'S REBUKES."

HIS LIMIT.

HE brought up coal and chopped the wood with wonderful suavity,
And laid down carpets all day long with Christian fortitude;
He listened to his wife's rebukes with unresentful gravity,
And left his bed at midnight to prepare the baby's food.

At elevating heated air he showed great versatility,
And worked upon the furnace fire with gratifying zeal;
In mollifying servants he displayed immense ability,
And when they left, he stirred around, and cooked and served each meal.

He gave his wife his wages with commendable consistency,
And when she sent him shopping he was never known to fail;
He kept on matching ribbons with pathetical persistency,
And with great regularity her letters he would mail.

He stayed home from the club each night in dignified sobriety,
And said good-by to poker with a resignation sweet;
And every Sunday in their pew he sat in wakeful piety,
And at her bidding every text correctly could repeat.

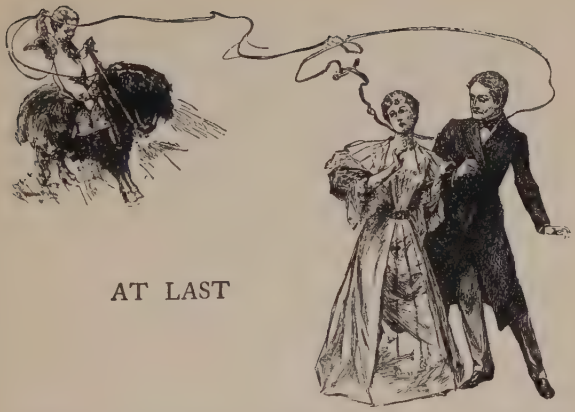
He wore the garments that she made with Spartan-like
agility;
The neckties she selected he displayed with courage
rare;
He sewed the buttons on his clothes with wonderful
docility,
And never touched the tidy when he sat down in a
chair.

But when he caught a cold one day, and with sweet
femininity
She put some goose oil on his chest and fed him
with quinine,
And piled up heated flannels 'round his jugular vi-
cinity,
He said he thought 'twas time indeed that he should
draw the line.

And when she tried parboiling each pedalian extremity,
And with some porous plasters frescoed him on
either side,
He packed his grip one frosty night and skipped for the
Yosemite;
And when he reached that milder clime he laid him
down and died.

NOT STRANGE

WE sat together side by side
In total darkness. Yet I know
Her lips were moving now and then—
Somehow I felt that this was so.



AT LAST

SHE let her hand be taken, and with confidence unshaken he tried his best to waken in her heart some sentiment.

With a wondrous burst of feeling round her waist his arm was stealing, yet her face showed no revealing of her mind's ingenuous bent.

His voice, quite low and pleading, for himself was interceding, but the maiden paid no heeding to the words that he might say.

And no lover persevering ever had so dumb a hearing to his terms of love endearing as she gave to him that day.

Until his chance he waited with a guile premeditated, and with cheek unmitigated up and kissed her. Then she cried:

"There, you monster! I just knew it! I was sure, or quite near to it, if I waited you would do it. Now I hope you're satisfied."

HIS LIGHT PUT OUT

HE had worn a colored blazer on the Nile;
He had sported spats in Persia just for style:
With a necktie quite too utter, in the streets of old
Calcutta, he had stirred up quite a flutter for a
while.

The maids of Java thronged before his door;
Attracted by the trousers that he wore:
And his vest—a bosom venter—shook Formosa to its
centre. And they hailed him as a mentor by the
score.

On his own ground, as a "masher" on the street—
He outdid a Turkish pasha—who stood treat.
He gave Shanghai girls the jumps, and their cheeks
stuck out like mumps, at the patent leather pumps
upon his feet.

But he called upon a Boston girl one night;
With a necktie ready made—which wasn't right:
And she looked at him this maid did, and he faded and
he faded, and he faded and he faded, out of sight.

SETTLED AT LAST

SHE comes into the restaurant.
She sits down in a chair.
She tosses up her curls and then
She reads the bill of fare.

She takes it up, she puts it down;
She looks around in doubt;
She hums, she drums, she sighs, she starts;
Her lips begin to pout.

The waiter stands with sphinx-like stare
For hours, it seems to me.
And then she says she thinks she'll have
A cup of nice hot tea.

MY POKER GIRL

HER eyes are velvet, soft and fine,
That none can antedate;
Her hair's fine strands seem all divine,
Her form is, oh! so

Her teeth, like driven snow, are white;
And when she wills to blush
There is no tint can equal quite
Her rounded cheek's fine

Could I but hold a hand like that
Just once, I would not care
If afterwards I stood quitė pat
Forever, on a

CORRECTED

SHE stood before the sacred gates, a blue-eyed, fair-haired miss,
Awaiting for her entrance to the rapt'rous realm of bliss;

Until St. Peter beckoned her with courteous wave and cried:
"Come, fair one, enter; you will find your robe hung up inside."
Upon the kindly saint she glanced with scornful, pitying look.
Good Peter quailed before her as her heavenly way she took.
And slightly bowing as she passed, she said: "My thanks, good sir;
I dare presume it is to my *pajamas* you refer."

TO AN OLD DRESS COAT

OLD coat, farewell! It must be so;
The best of friends have parted.
Decrepit, faded, you must go;
Look! How your seams have started.

'Twas in my nineteenth year I sought,
One bright day in September,
The tailor's shop where you were wrought:
Ah! Well do I remember!

Long years have gone by since that day
When you and I were fitted.
With you my evenings have been gay,
My griefs have been omitted.

Upon your shiny silk lapel
How many heads have rested!
Old coat, 'tis you alone can tell
How this poor heart's been tested.

And you were with me that night when
By foolish love directed
I tempted fate. As I was then
So you are now—rejected.

LOVE'S IRON RULE

A SINGLE heart, all yearning—
Alone and unafraid—
Was taken for a burning
To Cupid by a maid.

But Cupid, keen observer,
(Who dares to say he's blind?)
All smiling at her fervor,
The proffered gift declined.

And merely said: "Inspiring
As is your heart, I fear
'Tis not enough! My firing
Is done in *pairs*, my dear."

TO A DIAMOND RING

THOU bauble of inconsequential size,
That gleams alike on joy and on distress!
Circle of fate! No cobble-stone that lies
To make a pave, but caps thy usefulness.

If I should crush thee with my heel, should spurn
Thee from my sight, what matters it, I say?
Unto thy parent earth thou wouldst but turn
And Love and Death would still keep on their way

Go! Leave me, little ring. I know thy power;
Mighty, but useless. Yet, for my design
Who knows but thou may rule the fickle hour—
Make some one who is not, this day be mine.

Go, brilliant messenger, and play thy part!
I'll be content if thou, beneath her look,
Will make the same impression on her heart
As thou hast made upon my pocketbook.

LIB

'TIS not a regular thing with us, but sometimes up our way
We hunt around and find the chips, and sit us down to play
A cosey, family game of draw, with five or six or so,
And count it not a bit of harm; nor do we think we'll go
To black perdition just because it gives our hearts a smile
To ante up, and raise, and bluff, and draw cards for a while.

Sometimes a neighbor will drop in, and father takes a hand,
And when you raise you must have lots of what they dub as "sand";
And then there's James and James's wife, and Robert —Bob for short;
And when the latter draws one card there's bound to be some sport;
And there is Lib—she never smiles—upon the game she's "sot."
But all of us lay down our hands when Lib stays in the pot.

Tradition says, once on a time, that to our house there came
A stranger, who requested an admittance to the game.
He took one card and Lib took four—the rest of us stayed out
And watched the way that she raised back, as if she were in doubt.
She had four aces, he four kings; she raked in all he'd got.
Alas! Had he but known his fate when Lib stayed in the pot!

We want no tender-hearted man to meet our Lib again:
We're looking for a fellow that's a man among all men;
We're seeking for a bachelor with nerve and lots of tin,
And when we've found the proper man, we're going to ask him in
To sit with us some evening, when the game is waxing hot,
And then may Lib lay down her hand when he stays in the pot.

WHY?

UNEQUAL portions seem to be
Allotted unto man.
For some have all, and others naught;
And this by Nature's plan.

Why are some portions cut so large,
And others cut so small?
Why should she have her heart and mine?
And I have none at all?

THE MISSING KEY

SHE stopped on the steps 'ere they went to the play,
And she suddenly started and cried, "Oh, say!

"The key of the house, my dear, is above,
Go run up and fetch it, now there is a love.

"Go look in the closet just off from the stair,
It lies in my grenadine pocket up there."

And so with step that was joyous and light
He bounded upstairs in the gathering night.

And the door of the closet he opened quite wide,
And he smiled to himself as he stepped inside.

And he clutched with a chuckle the old grenadine,
And he felt for the place where a pocket he'd seen.

Then he thought that the garment was inside out,
So with teeth set together he turned it about.

And felt with a feverish hand in vain
For a slit, and he swore with his might and main;

Then he turned the thing up and he turned it down,
And jumped on the cursed old grenadine gown.

Until, as he lay with the dress on the floor,
His better-half came up and opened the door.

And she took up the gown and she put in her hand,
And she pulled out the key with a smile that was bland.

And she said as she stamped on the floor: "I declare,
That is just like a man. Why the key was right there."

PROGRESS

BACK, back he slipped in desperation grim
With tyrant Failure busy every hour!
Till once his mirrored face looked out at him
Unrecognized, so had it grown in power!

ALL I ASK

THROUGHOUT the day in ceaseless toil
I plod—a mere machine;
And in the city's mad turmoil
My faculties demean.
My better self is far above
This earning of my bread;
That's why the night I dearly love,
For I can read in bed.

No high-backed chair of stiff design
Is good enough for me;
For wide-limbed liberty I pine,
From hampering clothes quite free.
In pillowed ease I fain would lie,
By grave Immortals led;
To-morrow cheerfully I die—
To-night I read in bed.

At midnight, Shakespeare near my hand,
Cervantes by my side;
Dear Charlie Lamb at my command,
Through wondrous realms I glide.
With friends like these to have at will,
Though passed, to me not dead;
Let living friends desert me still,
For I can read in bed.

The golden gift of lyric song,
The faculty divine,
To other fellows may belong,
Alas! they are not mine.
But from the garden of the gods
This modest flower outspread
I pluck toward me as it nods,
For I can read in bed.

And when, beyond the golden stair,
St. Peter's gate I haunt,
And am permitted to declare
The thing that I most want;
No lofty mansion, gilt-refined,
I'll seek. I'll say instead,
"Give me a wife that does not mind,
And let me read in bed."

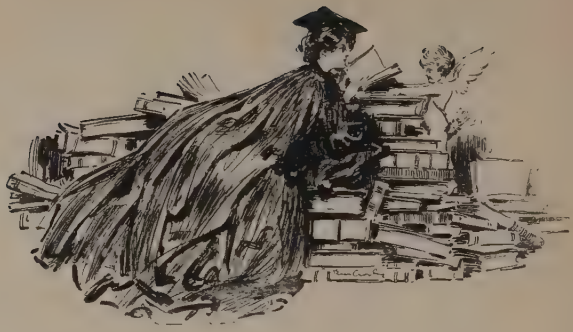
THE SADDEST OF ALL

IN close communion with our peers in thought,
When with our utmost effort we do seek
To give our inmost self, 'tis sad to know
The wisest thoughts are those we did not speak.

When we have pored for years o'er musty tomes
With feverish zest, to fill our thoughtful need,
We sigh at some late day to learn this truth—
The greatest books are those we did not read.

When, by the placid stream, or on the deep,
With bait and hook we sit the livelong day,
It makes us sad to think that after all
The biggest fish are those that got away.

And so, when we have journeyed love's sweet path,
We learn too late what treasures we have missed,
For saddest of them all, this truth strikes home—
The prettiest girls are those we have not kissed.



THE SWEET GIRL GRADUATE

SHE has wrestled with the sages of the dim historic ages, she has studied declamation from Demosthenes to Burke;

She has sounded Schopenhauer and been under Dante's power, and can giggle in all languages from English down to Turk.

She can argue in the isms, knows the history of schisms, and will go way back to Adam to elucidate her views;

She can bring up illustrations she's obtained from divers nations on the somewhat strained relations of the Christians and the Jews.

From old Socrates to Spencer she has read and read, and hence her intellectual adornments are a wonder to be seen;

In the angles she's a terror and in art she makes no error, and she knows the mental value of the hackneyed Boston bean.

She can show that old man Pliny was in some respects a ninny; she has sneered at Archimedes and brought Tacitus to task;

She's revised the laws of Solon, knows the value of a colon, and can calculate the contents of the Dutchman's famous cask.

She has studied up on diction, has explored the realms of fiction, knows the views of Hobbes and Bacon and of Paley and their crews;

She can quote from Pepys' diary and knows Pope (so small and wiry) and has fathomed Billy Shakespeare and read Burton on the blues.

There is not a branch of knowledge that this girl so fresh from college has not made herself familiar with, from Plato down to pie;

But it isn't for her learning that she fills us men with yearning—it's because she is a woman and that's just the reason why.

SOME ANCESTRAL REFLECTIONS

MY ancestors were goodly men,
And stout of limb and muscle.
They bore the palm of victory
In many a warlike tussle.

Some sailed along the Spanish main,
Some worked at blacksmith's bellows,
And some wrote poems to their king,
But they were all good fellows.

Honest and worthy men were they,
Some rough and others polished.
Alas! that such good works as theirs
By time should be demolished.

I've read their lives and blushed to find
So much true worth revealing,
And yet for them I must admit
I have no kindly feeling.

I hate them with a deadly hate,
  These honest men of merit.
'Tis not for what they've given me,
  But what I don't inherit.

It's their own fault. My thoughts of them
  Might be as sweet as honey,
If they had but bequeathed to me
  The art of making money.

THE REAL HEAVEN

THE golden streets of Paradise
  He wandered by himself,
Until his seeking, quickened eyes
  Saw books upon a shelf.

In Heaven's library he strolled,
  Those countless tomes to view;
By bookish passion made o'erbold,
  He searched their titles through.

Rabelais met his eager sight;
  He rubbed his eyes again.
Yes, there within his reach, at right,
  He recognized Tom Paine.

Omar Khayyám and Montaigne,
  Huxley and Hume, were there;
His old friend Horace, and again
  He clasped with love Voltaire.

The student's eyes, by tears made blind,
  No more the titles read.
Prostrate, his joyful form reclined:
  "Ah, this *is* Heaven!" he said.

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IN YOUTH.

IN YOUTH

MY darling, when your arms are round my neck
And in your eyes I see the lovelight gleaming
I sometimes wonder if, when we've grown old
We'll think this idle dreaming.

I sometimes wonder, in the years to come
When cares grow round us and when sorrows thicken
If in caresses we shall grow more dumb
Just as our spirits quicken.

It may be so. When time shall steal away
Our crown of youth with all its golden glory
It may be that our love shall grow to be
An old too-oft told story.

And yet it seems to me, dear, even then,
Your freshness gone, and naught but heaven above you,
That I shall love to take your hand in mine
And tell you how I love you.

CHANT OF A GRATEFUL NEW YORKER.

CHANT OF A GRATEFUL NEW YORKER

KIND Fate, attend to my strident tale,
And note my lot in life,
Of which I speak
With pride in my cheek,
Though it's one of deadly strife.
Others there be who suffer with me—
A million or more on tap—
But I am the man who's next to the man who's hanging on to a strap.

On the surface cars, as I fight my way,
Or on the third rail ride;
Though I'm black and blue,
And breathless too,
As my ribs sink into my side,
Yet with joy I cry,
As my way I pry,
And my clothes in ribbons flap,
For I am the man who's next to the man who's hanging on to a strap.

O kind Manhattan! I owe thee much!
How may I quite repay
This place reserved
As I'm jerked and swerved
On my million volted way?
And thy fostering care
I bless, nor swear,
As I fill this favored gap,
For I am the man who's next to the man who's hanging on to a strap.

THEIR LESSON

THEY sat at the table, three men gay
With the girl who never had learned to play.

And their easy smiles were a sight to see
As she said, "This is dreadfully new to me.

"I know it is wicked to gamble, but then
It is better than talk to amuse you men."

And her look was blank as a virgin page
As she said, "Now, what is it, edge or age?"

And her face was green as a vacant lot
As she softly murmured, "What's a jack pot?"

"What is a flush and a straight? Oh, dear,
I'm stupid, I know, but it's not quite clear."

And every man of the courteous crew
Instructed her ladyship what to do.

And she drew one card to a bob-tail flush
With a merry laugh and a pretty blush;

And of course she filled, for that is the way
Of girls who never have learned to play.

And she raised them back with a charming pout
Till every man in the game was out;

And she kept it up till they all went broke
And laughed and said, "What a splendid joke!"

Then with faces sad and with hearts of lead
Quickly away to their homes they sped;

And with one accord each player swore
That never again, no more, no more,

His hard-earned wealth would he fritter away
On a girl who never had learned to play.

NEMESIS

HE learned to dance for her sake all the latest rythmic motions,
And wore a shirt that did not fit to suit her woman's notions.
Because he did not like it much, she made him wear merino,
And when he sighed for poker she insisted on casino.

He smoked a cabbage-leaf cigar, because she bought it for him,
And stayed in from the club each night and let her bore and bore him.
He wore the neckties that she got until he caused a riot,
And sat up till the peep of day to keep the baby quiet.

And when he came home tired at night it was her constant caper
To make him read aloud the jokes from every comic paper—
Until one day he sneaked away and bought himself a coffin,
In which triumphant he laid down and straightway went right off in.

And when she heard the awful news she had a fit conniption,
And ordered him a tombstone and the following inscription:
"Here lies my loving husband, John; Death came at last and hit him;
He got the coffin by himself. *I know it doesn't fit him.*"

MISS BROWN, OF TOLEDO

THE seashore was gay on the day I arrived,
And the summer girl looked at her best,
The Puritan maids hid their feelings and thrived
With the fashionable fair from the West.
I searched with my eyes for a maiden sans flaw
And then, with a meaningless stare
I turned o'er the register's pages, and saw
That Miss Brown, of Toledo, was there.

The name caught my eye and I wondered if she
Whose autograph freckled the page
Was young, with a face that would satisfy me,
Or wrinkled and stricken with age.
In to dinner I went; and I blush as I tell 't
For I saw in the very next chair
A vision: Oh Fate! I instinctively felt
That Miss Brown, of Toledo, was there.

I passed her the butter. How simple was it.
I felt that I'd known her for years,
And her voice made me sigh—for I knew I was "hit"—
As it fell on my sensitive ears.
She talked, and I felt that I looked in the face
Of a friend, with a figure so fair
That all other girls might as well leave the place
When Miss Brown, of Toledo, was there.

It was love at first sight. Shall I ever forget
The night that I kneeled on the sand
And placed, with my arms round the waist of "my pet,"
That two carat ring on her hand?
Or how the next day, as my train slipped the ground
And she held out her arms in despair,
I felt but one fact, though the crowd surged around,—
That Miss Brown, of Toledo, was there.

The weeks have gone by, but no vision of Brown
Has gladdened my sight since that day,
Though she vowed she would write when she got back to town
With that ring that she'd garnered away.
I know not what fate is reserved for me hence,
As I climb up the big golden stair,
But Oh! how I'll smile as I peek o'er the fence
If Miss Brown, of Toledo, is there.

TO A LOST LOVE

I HAVE so many tokens, dear,
Of thee around my room—
They fill my darksome soul with cheer
And chase away the gloom.

Thy laughing photograph looks down
Upon me from above,
And here's a stray bit of thy gown
I captured from thee, love.

And here's a dainty bit of lace,
A veil—'twas never missed.
Oh! would that it might press thy face
Again, and then be kissed.

But, no! I'd most forgotten, sweet,
That this can never be.
That as we were we cannot meet,
For I alone am free.

So take them down! Farewell, my love!
To say that word is hard;
Thy face smiles at me from above,
But—here's thy wedding card!

WONDER WHAT I'M GOING TO GET?

WONDER what I'm going to get?
This is what begins to fret
All the little girls and boys
When they think of Christmas toys.
Long before the day is near
We are always sure to hear
From each happy household pet—
"Wonder what I'm going to get?"

Hangs around the house all day;
Doesn't seem to want to play;
Writes, with dirty little paws,
Begging notes to Santa Claus;
Hangs his stockings on a chair
So's to find the biggest pair;
By this question always met—
"Wonder what I'm going to get?"

Christmas day is here at last—
All our troubles now are past.
Santa Claus came down last night,
Spreading round him fresh delight.
With a twinkle in his eye,
"There," said he, "sleep on, young fry,
No more by the thought beset
As to what you're going to get."

Up the chimney quick he goes,
Softly rubs his ruddy nose;
Yet methinks I hear him sigh
As he nods a last good-by,
And methinks I hear him say
Ere he vanishes away,
Say with just the least regret—
"Wonder what I'm going to get?"

UNDER THE MISTLETOE

THE girl from Philadelphia
In some things is not slow.
She says: "Good gracious me! Was I
Beneath that mistletoe?"

The St. Louis girl a startled look
At once begins to wear
As she exclaims: "How very strange!
I didn't known 'twas there."

The San Francisco maid demure
Is calm as calm can be
As, with a blissful smile, she says:
"You've caught right on, I see!"

The Boston girl removes her specs,
  Her classic face sedate,
And, as she looks around, she says:
  "I'll take a chair and wait."

The Gotham maiden lifts herself
  Upon a tiny toe,
Remarking, as she takes one more,
  "It's English, don't you know?"

But better still, the Lakeside girl
  Another plan, instead
Of standing just beneath, she tries—
  She wears it on her head!

CHANGING HER MIND

"GOOD-BY," he said simply, "good-by;
  This is final?" She nodded "Yes, yes;
I'm sorry, so sorry, but I—
  Well, Love doesn't like me, I guess.

"You're going?" "Yes, going," he said,
"And yet there is just one thing more;
You remember"—his face was quite red—
"The fellow you jilted before?

"The last one—oh, no, I forgot,
I'm the last—it's the next to the last;
Well, he stood on this very same spot—
I tell it now that it is past—

"And after your 'no' had been heard
And ere you had told him good-by
He asked for a kiss—you demurred,
But you gave it—to him—now, may I?"

Her face was a study. There came
To her white neck a deepening hue—
"Yes, take it," she said; "whose the blame?
Poor boy! 'Tis the least I can do."

He turned, yet not toward her face
"I thank you," he said, "but no, no;
With myself I should be in disgrace
If I should accept, ere I go,

"What only your pity might give.
Your love is denied me, so then
There is nothing to do but to live
Without it; so good-by again,

"Good-night and good-by," and he took
Her hand, while her blue eyes grew wet,
And she sighed as she gave him one look,
And she murmured, "Oh, please don't go—yet."

IN LEAP YEAR

SWEETHEART, should you propose,
I'll not be captious quite;
I'll not turn up my nose,
For that would not be right.

I will not blush and say:
"This is so sudden, dear,"
I will not turn—nay, nay—
To you a drumless ear.

But, sweetheart, if you *should*
This year your love confess,
I'll promise to be good
And meekly answer "Yes."

TO YOU

YOU look so warm and cosy
Inside those furs, sweetheart—
Your cheeks are, oh, so rosy!
Made thus by Nature's art.

Within that muff of sable
Your dainty fingers lie,
With rings! I am not able
To count them if I try.

And though 'tis now all covered,
I'm sure, in all the town,
No tailor ever hovered
O'er such a stunning gown.

I am your slave! Before you
My heart I gladly fling.
Why should I not adore you?
You're such a costly thing.

THE WELCOME GUEST

WHEN the New Fad came to this land one day,
He smiled to the crowd in a confident way,
And the New Fad said: "I have come to stay.

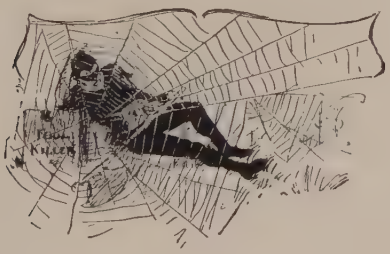
"I was born a century, maybe, ago—
At the time they thought me a trifle slow—
I wasn't remarkable then, you know.

"I'm as old as you," and he raised his hat
To the Yankees prone (for they all lay flat—
As a nation they're noted for doing that).

"I'm as old as you; on my native shore
They've long since thought me a fearful bore,
So I'm glad I never met *you* before."

Then up spoke an erudite, cultured miss,
And she said "It affords me consummate bliss
To welcome our guest," and they cheered at this.

Then the New Fad smiled to himself, and said:
"Wisdom, no doubt, will always spread,
But I'm glad that the fools are not all dead!"



THE WICKER CHAIR SHE SAT IN

LAST summer, when from city man
I changed to country boarder,
I found a most delightful spot
Where things seemed made to order.
In halcyon mood I loafed. There came
A time that I grew fat in:
The time that I sat 'round and watched
The wicker chair she sat in.

The chair was occupied, of course,
And up and down each minute,
While we talked on, 'twas slowly rocked
By one who sat within it.
But there were intervals in which
Two hearts went pit-a-pat in,
And then it did not rock at all—
The wicker chair she sat in.

'Twas then the place seemed Paradise;
But now, when I revisit
The spot I loved, 'tis changed for me,
'Tis not the same. Why is it?
The trees are here; the grass is green,
And yet I feel quite flat in
This memoried place, for no one rocks
The wicker chair she sat in.

O good St. Peter, some day when
To Paradise I've flitted,
I'll do without some cherished things,
Provided I'm admitted.
But when you note the thing I crave
I beg of you put that in,
Let her be there within the chair,
The wicker chair she sat in.

EVICTED

FAME burst the door of a poor man's heart
And ordered Love out one day.
"My friend," he said, "we two must part—
Not room for us both to stay."

* * * * * * *

The years dragged by, and the haggard face
Of Fame looks out through the glass
(You may see him yet if you know the place),
Still waiting for Love to pass.

THE REFLECTIONS OF A MIRROR

I KNOW my owner loves me well,
Or why such time should she spend o'er me?
I seem to have for her a spell
That makes her sit for hours before me!

She smiles upon me day by day,
While silently I do my duty,
And in her generous hearted way
She gives me all her wealth of beauty.

She gives me dimple, brows and cheeks,
And, though the most demure of misses,
She says, "I love you," when she speaks,
And from her lips she throws me kisses.

She's constant to me. Yet I pine—
I'm not successful as a wooer.
The love she gives me is not mine;
Alas! I must return it to her.

HIS WIFE

SHE sewed the buttons on his shirt with marvelous rapidity,
And took the spots from off his clothes with pleasurable avidity,
She creased his trousers every day till they were no more creasable,
And when he growled her patient smile was something more than peaceable.

She cleaned his russet shoes for him with joy quite unmistakable,
And took his cuffs and collars out—that is, when they were takable ;
She put his money in the bank with such great regularity
That other women viewed her dress with eyes that looked disparity.

When he got blue she braced him up and gave him something drinkable,
And talked about that ship of his that was, she said, unsinkable.
She let him buy his own cigars, with tact quite incontestable,
And thought up dishes that he liked that were not indigestible.

She listened to the jokes he sprung, and giggled at the best of them,
And when she couldn't giggle she approved of all the rest of them.
She did not drag him off to call when he was quite undragable,
And when he had a nervous fit her tongue was quite unwagable.

She brushed him up, she brushed him down, and kept
him spic and spanable.
And showed him why the schemes he planned were
not always quite plannable.
But she had no ear for music, and her mind was quite
unbookable,
And when it came to beauty, why, she wasn't very
lookable.

She did not care to go out much. She was not in
society,
And she had no time for heathens, and she couldn't
talk on piety.
And every neighbor said of him, with laughter quite
satirical:
"How did he come to marry her? It really is a
miracle."

A WISH

A DEWDROP on a rose-leaf lay,
By amorous breezes blown;
A sunbeam kissed the drop away
Into the great unknown.

I wonder if it's far or near,
The object that I seek?
Who knows? Maybe it is the tear
Upon my lady's cheek.

If this be so, and in my sight
It sparkles clear, why then
I'd like to be that sunbeam bright,
And kiss it off again.

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BERTHA.

NOT YET A COQUETTE

BERTHA never seems to know
Just the time I ought to go.
Bertha loves me—that I'm sure.
Bertha's coy—and immature.

Some day she will learn, no doubt,
It's the time to put me out
(May that be a distant day!)
When I'm longing most to stay!

I LOVE YOU

I BOUGHT the girl I love the best a powder box one day.
'Twas simple in its outline, but a beauty, so they say.
It brought the dimples to her cheek, the light into her eye,
For the monogram upon it was an

I.
L.
Y.

"Why, that is not my name," she said—her lips began to curl.
"Maybe you've made a sad mistake—'tis for some other girl."
Yet, even as she said these words, methought I heard her sigh,
Fot the monogram upon the box was

I.
L.
Y.

O woman, in thy fickle hours, dissembler that thou art!
She knew no other girl had e'er been near my throbbing heart,
And yet she had to say these words before she sighed that sigh,
For the monogram upon the box was

I.
L.
Y.

ONE ROOM MORE

SOME years ago there lived on high
In solitary state
A bachelor ; in sooth 'twas I
Pursuing thus my fate.
And as in sadness I gazed 'round
And paced that lonely floor
I longed, not for the solid ground
But just for one room more.

'Twas then, or not long after that
My wish came more than true;
I moved into a modest flat
Where I supported two—
That is to say, until a third
Came down through Heaven's door :
And then my wife and I averred
We'd like just one room more.

To-day, in deep felicity
Within a house we dwell
With number one and two and three
And four and five as well!
We thought 'twas ample when we came.
Yet, as I think it o'er,
I find our pfoblem's just the same,
We need but one room more.

Perchance, kind stranger, as you read
This ditty that I sing,
A tear bedims your eye—you need
With me the self-same thing.
Then let us join our hands and pray
That sometime, when we soar
Up to those mansions far away,
We'll have that one room more.

THE HOTEL HOPE

THE Hotel Hope quite plainly
Upon a hill is set,
And no one ever vainly
Admittance sought to get.

They set a meagre table
To everyone that comes;
For in this modern Babel
The only course is crumbs.

This house, to all fourth-raters
Would not compare so well;
The guests are all the waiters
They have at this hotel.

The charges are extortion;
They rob you every day,
And out of all proportion
To what you get, you pay.

And yet the guests, tho' paying
Big sums for only air,
Insist on ever staying—
The view's so fine up there.

Each one you meet, not whiling
His time away in mopes,
Will say, his face all smiling:
"I'm living now in Hope's."

THE painter toiled at his picture in the light of the northern sky,
And his soul burned out at his easel as the paint grew hard and dry.
The marvelous work that the painter wrought seemed full of depth and soul,
And the people gazed at the deathless thing, while each one paid his toll.
Then questioned the voice of the painter's heart, while the great man shook his head.
"No motive pure can the world endure—I did it for gold," he said.

The worker worked in the midnight black and under the light of day,
And dragged his soul from out of himself and breathed it into the clay.
Thus wrought the hand of the poet a song that the people sing,
And the sound of its wondrous music wells up like a living spring.
Then questioned the voice of the poet's heart, and he bowed his head in shame.
"No motive pure may my soul endure—I did it," he cried, "for fame."

In front of the battle's wavering line the hero charged his steed;
A thousand furies had hurried him on, and his was a hero's speed.
Into the serried ranks of death he rode with a hero's shout
Till victory sat on the upraised flag, and the foe was put to rout.

Then questioned the voice of the hero's heart, and he said: "The fight is won.
Yet motive pure no man may endure—for glory the deed was done."

L'ENVOI

Art met Duty, and Duty said: "Three souls have just been sold:
One for glory and one for fame and one for glittering gold.
You were not there and I was not there, yet the deeds they did rank high;
Glory and fame and gold, it seems, are better than you and I."
Said Art: "Why not? You're a ghostly thing, and I myself am the same;
We're not worth much to the popular touch with gold and glory and fame!"

LOVE'S PARADOX

"YOU weak, dear Love!" a lady cried,
"You know that isn't true.
You rule the heart, the time, the tide—
There's none so strong as you."

"And yet," said Love, "I'm right, e'en so.
My strength is not displayed
Except, dear lady, as you know,
When women give their aid."

AD INFINITUM

ONE day an ardent youth whose whole heart burned
With feverish love that had not been returned
Sought an alchemist for the thing he yearned.

"There is a maiden's heart that I desire,"
Said he, "Good sir, a potion I require
To kindle in her breast love's fiercest fire.

No other maid has any charm for me.
Without her love I'll perish quick," quoth he.
"Come, help me out of my extremity."

"Take this," replied the ancient patriarch,
Producing phial filled with fluid dark.
"'Twill kindle in her breast the proper spark."

The lover thanked him kindly and withdrew,
And swiftly to the maid he loved he flew.
But he was back in weeks that numbered two.

"I find," quoth he, "this is most wonderous stuff.
I'd like some more, for this is not enough."
"What!" cried the old alchemist in a huff,

"Does she not love you—long to be your bride?
What more do you desire?" The lover sighed.
"You little know the ways of men!" he cried.

"The girl you mention was a winsome pearl.
She loves me, but what matters that, you churl!
I want this bottle for another girl!"

MY VACATION

GIVE me some quiet, unknown spot,
Where I can lay me down,
Where the daily paper cometh not,
Far from the noisy town.

Oh, take me out where Nature's greens
Soothe my most restless state;
Let me go where the magazines
May never penetrate.

Remove me from the latest books,
From Poets, Wits and Seers;
No more in culture's choicest nooks
May I shed wisdom's tears.

Take me away from sounding art,
From cleverness, from brains;
From knowledge deep may I soon part,
And simulation's gains.

Monotonously let me lie
Unsought, the hours through
In utter dullness, so that I
May learn a thing or two.

THE SUMMER GIRL.

THE SUMMER GIRL

I

SHE'S coming with the flowers that will bloom for us once more,
She's coming with the breezes that will blow along the shore.
The sun will kiss her ringlets and will tinge her cheeks with brown,
While he who loves her madly grapples fate and toils in town.
And Cupid with the arrows that he's given her to twirl
Will guard anew the footsteps of the sprightly summer girl.

II

While robin redbreast hops around when yet 'tis early dawn
And tennis players dot the green of grassy field and lawn.
We'll see her dressed in percale with a novel in her hand.
And in her jaunty, talking dress she'll stroll along the sand ;
And where the crowd is thickest in the summer hotel whirl
Will bloom once more the beauty of the charming summer girl.

III

With shining hair reflecting all the light of summer days,
With ruddy cheeks and dimples we will learn anew her ways.
Young Cupid will instruct us how to pierce the thin disguise
Of maidenly restraint that hides the loving heart we prize.

And when once more we claim her as the summer's
priceless pearl
We'll hail the smiling features of the jolly summer
girl.

WHEN MY SHIP CAME IN

MY ship came in one day,
'Twas loaded to the rails,
And I could scarcely keep away
Until they furled the sails.

And then I sprang aboard,
For I was mad to see
Just what a yellow, golden hoard
My ship had brought to me.

But sorrow's current deep
Flowed o'er me as I gazed;
As one awakened from a sleep
I stood there, half amazed.

My ship was filled with tears
And laughter—this more rare;
'Twas filled with idle hopes and fears
And cases labeled "Care."

There were some grains of gold,
Some copper coins likewise;
But oh, the truth must now be told—
My ship was not a prize.

And disappointment swift
Was all my legacy;
For all the things I'd set adrift
My ship brought back to me!

A WILLING INVALID

THERE are ailments rare and diseases new
That please the fancy of fickle man;
That only come to the favored few
By some selective, exclusive plan.
Yet among them all, as I live and move,
I aver with pride that I only sigh
For those two things that I crave and love—
The coupon thumb and the ticker eye.

The ticker eye is a thing apart.
To me alone may it never come
Without an escort! 'Twould break my heart!
It's only good with the coupon thumb.
But when combined, they're a goodly pair;
This ailment mixed I would gladly try.
I'd suffer and groan and learn to bear
The coupon thumb and the ticker eye.

Appendicitis is getting trite;
The halting measures of gout I scorn;
The "lover's arm" is a modern blight,
And the "husband neck" is a thing forlorn.
For me neurosis is too morose.
I can spare all these, but before I die
I long for a generous, lifelong dose
Of the coupon thumb and the ticker eye.

IN LOVE.

IN LOVE

I KNOW she is a born coquette,
In fact she told me so;
And yet I cannot help but be
In love with her, you know.

She often treats me shabbily
And makes me feel quite small;
And yet, somehow, I cannot help
But love her, after all.

She knows I am her slave, and so,
When other men are by,
She likes to order me about
And rules me with her eye.

And yet I love her just the same,
And humor all her freaks.
And who has better right to love
My bride of just three weeks?

ALL READY

SHE was a printer's daughter fair.
He was her lover true.
Said he: "You are the type for me.
I'll always stick to you.

"I've had a chase, but now, my own,
My take's revised, I guess,
And now that love is justified,
Why, let us go to press."

The maiden hung her shapely head
And whispered in his ear,
While both her cheeks turned rosy red,
"The form is ready, dear."

HER EXCUSE

SHE stood at the gate, quite free from sin,
A blue-eyed maiden, fair to see.
"Oh, good St. Peter, I want to come in,
But I haven't a thing to wear," said she.

"So I observe," said the goodly Saint,
"But never you mind one bit, my dear.
You needn't blush, or you needn't faint,
The girls all dress alike in here.

"But tell me, how came you in this sad plight?"
The maiden sighed, and she hung her head,
While the pearly tears fast bedimmed her sight,
"I died in my bathing suit," she said.

TO A FAIR DESERTER

WHEN in the autumn days long fled
I talked of love to you,
You did not turn away your head
As sometimes now you do.

And when my kisses pressed your lips,
Around my neck you'd twine
Your arms. But now your finger-tips
Are all I claim as mine.

Oh, can it be that love grows cold
As you grow older, dear,
And that the story now is old
That was so new last year?

No! It's not this. 'Tis other men
That claim you now the more,
For you were twenty-seven then,
But now—you're twenty-four.

THE EDUCATED WIFE

(THE LAY OF A HUSBAND)

BEHOLD! A daughter of the gods,
Superb, divinely tall:
One whom the parent earth applauds,
And one who knows it all.
Expert in lofty cerebration
The girl who has an education!

It's true, of course, she cannot cook—
Such gross details she scorns.
Her mind serene, above a book
The lettered air adorns.
Dish washing's *not* her occupation:
Pray note! She has an education.

Who dares to hint that she is dense!
No doubt, in household thrift
She lacks uncommon common sense
(They say she lets things drift).
Yet why this base insinuation?
For *hasn't* she an education?

Come, learnéd one, and play to me
In true Beethoven pose.
Come, coach me in philosophy!
The cook who comes and goes,
Is quite beneath your observation—
For haven't you an education?

Cold be the plates, and colder still
The soup that in them stands;
But as for us, we'll take our fill
From bards in foreign lands.
Who cares for coarse assimilation
So long as you've an education?

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THE EDUCATED WIFE.

So come and be my brainy wife
Who never sews nor sweeps:
Whose mind, though in the higher life,
Still dwells in classic deeps.
What's food beside the conversation
Of her who has an education?

And as I rock the babe to rest
Each night, I'll drop a tear
Of joy to think she's off the nest;
And croon: "Oh, baby dear,
I thank the Lord of all creation
Your mother has an education!"

ONLY SIX MONTHS MORE

SIX months from now I shall pay all bills;
Of this there can be no question.
And I'm sure that about that time I'll be
Relieved of this indigestion.

Six months from now in the bank I'll place
The cash that I've been saving,
For by that time I am sure I'll be
A way to fortune paving.

Six months from now (or about that time)
I shall quit the habit of smoking,
And that is the time my life will be
A continual round of joking.

That is the time (six months from now)
When I shall not have to hurry.
All things being adjusted, why then
There'll be no cause for worry.

Six months from now! Oh, glorious time!
Am I impatient? Never!
For this glorious time I'll wait and wait,
If I have to wait forever.

AN OLD PORTRAIT.

ON LOOKING AT AN OLD PORTRAIT

(A CHRISTMAS REVERIE)

O PRISCILLA, Puritan
Looking from thy faded frame,
Would I might a century span
Backward, heart aflame.

How the present I'd forego,
With its wondrous stride,
If o'er old New England's snow
I with thee might glide.

Maiden, is thy heart as fresh
Now, as it was then?
If so, let me quit this flesh,
Soar and soar again—

Till, far in the wide expanse
Where the planets roll,
I, ethereal, longing, chance
On thy spotless soul.

Then (as I am doing now)
With far greater bliss,
Let me on thy spirit brow
Press a Christmas kiss.

AFTERWARDS

AS I lay dead one day,
With all the people round,
"Poor boy!" I heard one say:
"He'll soon be underground."

"How natural he looks,"
Another said. "Poor lad!
He was so fond of books—
He borrowed all I had."

Another: "Poor, dear soul!
He loved my dinners so!
How sad! Yet on the whole
'Twas best that he should go."

Another: "Ah, so young!
So hard it is to think
His song was left unsung—
They say he used to drink."

Another: "He *was* bright!
How pitiful to fling
Such gifts away. He might
Have done some clever thing."

And still another groaned
As in his chair he sank:
"His loss will be bemoaned—
They say he was a crank."

As I lay dead one day,
While waiting for the hearse,
I couldn't help but say:
"*This* might have been much worse."

HARD

I WROTE some foolish verses once
On love. Unhappy churl!
The metre makes me shudder still,
I sent them to a girl.

I know that girl, and if I should,
Like Byron, wake some day
To find Fame written on my brow,
She'd give those lines away.

So now I have to watch myself
Each hour. Oh, hapless plight!
For if I should be great, of course,
Those lines would come to light.

AN ADAPTABLE POEM

THEY stood beside the open grate
(For summer substitute a gate):
She was a blonde (if you prefer,
Why, make a brunette out of her).
He spoke of love (they all do that),
And she? Her heart went pit-a-pat.
The speed, why yourself can fix,
From seventy up to ninety-six.
She hung her head, she blushed, she sighed,
She laughed; or possibly she cried.
Just take your choice and have her do
Precisely as you wish her to.
She did et cetera until
Her George, or Jack, or Jim, or Will,
Or any name you like the best:
But why go on? You know the rest.

ABSURD.

ABSURD

"DO you recall," he said, "the night
I kissed you, sweetheart—so—
And how you blushed, although the light
Was turned so very low?

"It was the first kiss that I gave,
And, though 'twas hard to see,
Upon your face the crimson wave
Was, oh, so plain to me.

"But when I kiss you now—each cheek,
Although there's light to spare,
Has parted from the thing I seek—
No telltale blush is there.

"I wonder why it is?" "My dear,"
She answered, with a smile,
"Would you have me, while you are here,
A-blushing all the while?"

TO MABEL

MABEL, thy heart's like frosted glass
Whereon my name I write,
For when the sun shines through, alas!
It fades from mortal sight.

Mabel, this shall not be some day.
A dozen suns may shine
And yet they shall not melt away
That modest name of thine.

Next time I'll try some other grace
Than true love's erring art,
For with a diamond ring I'll trace
My name upon thy heart.

THE SAME GIRL

THE sudden strain of an old refrain
Will oftentimes reveal,
Like a flash at night, some previous plight—
And this is the way I feel.

Ages ago, I somehow know
That I was a crocodile,
And I frittered away the livelong day
On the banks of the ancient Nile.

And it seems that there, 'neath the burning glare
Of the sun on its daily track,
As I idly strayed, I was loved by a maid
With a corrugated back.

I died, and then, incarnate again,
I passed to another life—
In the form of an ape my brain took shape,
And I lived with a chittering wife.

In a later span I became a man,
And a web of love I spun;
Yet I feel it's true that the girl I woo
To-day, is the selfsame one

Who in ages past with my lot was cast,
For I often hear her declare—
As they have done since the world begun—
"I haven't a thing to wear!"

ENOUGH

I SHOT a rocket in the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where
Until next day, with rage profound,
The man it fell on came around.
In less time than it takes to tell,
He showed me where that rocket fell;
And now I do not greatly care
To shoot more rockets in the air.

THE FAIRIES' CHRISTMAS BALL

ONE night from all the elfin world
There came, bright-eyed and dew-empearled,
A host of laughter-loving sprites,
From shady glen and lofty heights,
From grassy covert, leafy shade,
From bog and meadow, forest glade
Where roses bloom and nettles sting,
Where winter ever yields to spring,
They came, with elfin gladness all,
To take part in the fairies' ball.
Between two massive, monarch oaks
They pranced and cracked their elfin jokes.
Bare were the trees and snow lay thick
Where skipped with shriek and sportive trick,
The tiny band, and round and round
They spun upon the whitened ground.

Then spake up one among the throng.
Quoth he: "Let joy to us belong!
Yet ere our elfin romp be past,
And ere to-morrow's sun shall cast
Its slanting rays on crystal snow,
Let some fond token upward go
Through circling air to dizzy heights
Beyond the gleam of Christmas lights,
And there, cloud-wreathed in splendor, pause—
A gift to good, old Santa Claus.
To him who spreads around such joy
Let us present an elfin boy."

Quick through the circling ranks there rung
The accents of his silver tongue,
And quick, two fairy wings took flight,
And bore between them through the night

The fairies' gift to him who knows
So well the joy a gift bestows.

This happened years ago, and now
The elfin boy bears on his brow
The word "Successor"—happy elf!—
Writ there by Santa Claus himself.

Dear children, if you hear it said
Some day that Santa Claus is dead,
Remember that this elfin child
Immortal, nor by time beguiled,
Remains to visit you each year
Down chimney-flue with Christmas cheer;
Remains to shed through every hall
A Merry Christmas unto all.

A CONDITION

I'M looking for some pretty girl
Of modest, quiet mien,
Who dresses well, knows how to spell
And has a wit that's keen.

I want no fickle weather-vane
That turns with every wind,
I think a blonde would suit me best—
She must be swell, refined.

She must be constant as a star,
No meteor would do,
And, like her own sweet little self,
Her grammar must be true.

Yet more. If she would be with me,
(Excuse the slang), right "in it,"
She must be able to take down
One hundred words a minute.

A WANT

WANTED : a muse content to sit
Until I have the time ;
Who will not, with the shadows, flit
Away when I would rhyme.
A muse that has her evenings in
And has no Sundays out ;
And one who is not pale and thin—
Far better, one who's stout.

Wanted : a muse who can keep house—
Who's willing and demure ;
Who'll run the place the while my spouse
Is on a lecturing tour.
A muse of inspiration strong,
Who'll all my weakness brook,
And who'll incite me all day long—
Likewise, one who can cook.

Wanted : a muse quite versatile ;
Good wages will I pay
Unto the one who fills the bill—
I want her right away.
Willing to work both day and night,
And double will her pay be
If she can only, while I write,
Learn how to hush the baby.

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BETTER STILL

WITHIN her home soft tints abound
In blessed harmony,
Luxurious chairs are scattered round,
And books one loves to see.

Pictures and rugs that never tire;
An air that's pure, refined,
All that the heart may well desire
Within her home I find.

And so I ponder hour by hour
The problem, Which is right?
How can I pluck this sunlit flower
And take it from the light?

I think of my own humble cot,
Sweet girl! She does not know
How much she'll miss the dear old spot
When she has left it. No!

This sacrifice she shall not make!
Although she may prefer
In innocence this step to take,
I'd rather live with her.

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TRANSFORMATION.

TRANSFORMATION

ONE evening as they stood beneath
The moon's soft rays so pale,
Moved by an impulse born of love,
He kissed her through her veil.

Next evening, as before, they stood
Beneath the star-flecked dome,
Yet not exactly as before—
She'd left her veil at home.

LOVE'S ROUND

'TWAS early dawn when Love arose,
His day's work to begin;
Disdaining any thought of clothes,
Straightway he started in.

Two children, as they lay asleep,
Love touched and made them smile;
And with one who had cause to weep
He paused a little while.

Where Poverty hung like a pall
He made his joyous way,
And those who sought him least of all
Love found and blessed, that day.

Love dallied with the heart of age,
He went where he'd been spurned;
For him the bookworm from his page
Rose up, and ne'er returned.

But when within a home of wealth
Love heard two lovers sigh,
This inconsistent little elf
With scorn just passed them by!

MY COMRADE

I HAVE a comrade, bright and sweet;
She interests me more
Than other girls I chance to meet,
Who think me oft a bore.

Next to my heart she occupies
A place that is unique;
She looks at me with laughing eyes
No matter how I speak.

And when I crack a joke and wink,
As great men sometimes do,
To see her smile, you'd really think
She thought that joke was new!

To me she always is the same,
Unlike some girls I know,
Who talk and talk, she's never tame
No matter where we go.

She's mine! Yet sadly do I trace
These lines. I cannot laugh,
For deep within my new watch-case,
She's but a photograph.

A TRAGEDY

'TWAS Christmas Eve, the month was May,
She wore her father's gown;
The reins beyond the horses lay,
The sleigh was upside down.

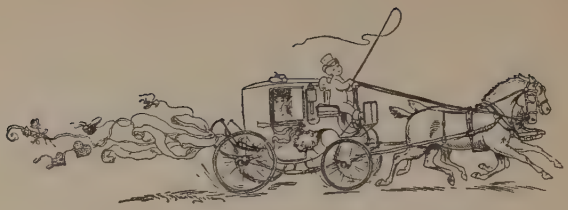
They sped across the boiling snow,
Above the sun's cold glare;
The little birds, above, below,
Were walking through the air.

The jangling sleigh-bells made no sound,
The horses backward flew;
The cows were lowing underground,
The trees all downward grew.

'Twas high noon, and the moonbeams played,
The clouds to dust all ran;
He was a winsome, pretty maid,
She was a big, strong man.

He softly said, yet did not speak:
"I hate you! Marry me."
She laughed, as tears ran down her cheek:
"I love you. No!" said she.

This sad event, which is, or was,
Or may be, must appall!
I know it happened, just because
I was not there at all.



MEN ARE DECEIVERS EVER

(BEFORE THE CEREMONY)

"TEN minutes more, and I shall be
Her husband. What a feeling!
Ah, minutes! short you seem to me—
I hear the organ pealing.

"So short they seem! I've had my fling,
And now the time is going.
Old man, be sure you've got that ring—
The church is overflowing.

"Ah, coward soul, this is the test!
I must not keep her waiting.
I wonder if it's for the best?
I feel I'm hesitating.

"Of course I love her. I would take
An oath on that, by Heaven!
And yet—it may be a mistake.
Come! there's the signal given."

AFTER

(*In the carriage*)

"At last, my darling, you are mine.
I feel like—yes—like shouting!
And you? A tear? Am I not thine?
How can you, dear, be doubting?"

JOGITY JOG

HERE we go, jogity jog,
Running humanity's race;
Blinded sometimes by the fog,
Getting behind in the chase.
Then, with ambition agog,
Keeping well up to our pace.
Here we go, jogity jog,
Running humanity's race.

Stretches and stretches of work;
Then a bright moment or so;
Far above shadows that lurk
Down in the regions below.
Then the machine slips a cog,
Back we fall into disgrace.
Here we go, jogity jog,
Running humanity's race.

Moments of passion and doubt;
Moments of love and of fear;
Sometimes the lights are all out,
Then again heaven is here.
Sometimes we slip in the bog;
Then we are back in our place.
Here we go, jogity jog,
Running humanity's race.

Here we go, jogity jog,
Running humanity's race;
Blinded sometimes by the fog,
Getting behind in the chase.
Never mind troubles that clog;
Sing as we keep up the pace!
Here we go, jogity jog,
Running humanity's race.

NOT THE SAME GIRL.

NOT THE SAME GIRL

"DO you remember, dear," he wrote,
"'Twas just one year ago,
When I kissed you so fervently
Beneath the mistletoe?

"I wonder if you've quite forgot;
Or if it is a bore
Now to recall, that on that spot
I took—well, several more.

"Since then I have not seen you, dear:
You know I've been away;
And other loves, maybe, have come
And veiled from you that day.

"But your sweet face is just as fresh
As when I saw you last.
I hear your voice—it thrills me still
As in that hour long past.

"Say, sweetheart, are you just the same
Since time has taken flight
And we stood heart to heart? If so,
Then bid me come to-night."

"Dear sir," she wrote, "I'm in receipt
Of yours of even date.
It would be quite impossible
To see you as you state.

"I am engaged to-night. But if
Some striking truths you'd hear:
I send with this two tickets to
My talk on 'Woman's Sphere.'"

THE ROMANCE OF A BUTTON

HE was about to say adieu,
Was thinking of some word to flatter,
When from his overcoat there flew
A button with a dismal clatter.

He blushed, but she with woman's tact,
As if she saw a good joke in it,
Cried laughingly: "There now, I'll act
Your tailor's part, for just a minute."

He doffed the coat and watched her thread
The needle with her head low bending;
"Now, do you know," he softly said,
"I have an awful lot of mending.

"A bachelor, we'll say, like me
Is at the mercy of his tailor.
And then there's something else, you see."
(At this, he turned a trifle paler.)

"My heart needs mending much, I fear.
Do you suppose that you could do it?"
"Well, I don't know," she mused, "but, dear,
I'll give my whole attention to it."

LOVE'S LESSON

SHE set fire to my heart and fled—
Incendiary maid!
The flames throughout the structure spread
And left me all dismayed.

Yet now with fear no more I start—
Cupid, contractor, came.
He's built for me a fire-proof heart
Impervious to flame.

HIS QUEST

From the icebergs of Alaska
To the sands of Madagascar,
  From New Mexico to Asia traveled he;
And he mingled with the dandies
Of the isle, Juan Fernandez,
  And he hung around the maidens of the South Pacific sea.

Down in Zanzibar and Ceylon
Every girl he saw he'd steal on,
  And their colors ranged from ebony to cream;
He smoked cigarettes in Turkey,
Till his brain grew dull and murky,
  And he scaled the Himalayas for the object of his dream.

With a big and mighty yearning
Was his youthful heart a-burning,
  And he longed to meet a maiden that would do.
For he knew the girl he wanted,
And with spirit all undaunted
  He traveled and he traveled every town and country through.

He patrolled the streets of Paree
Seeking one that he might marry;
  And he sat upon St. Peter's steps for days;
He learned how to flirt in Florence,
While the rain came down in torrents,
  And the beauties of Vienna filled him wholly with amaze.

In old Germany and Russia
He learned how to be a "crusher,"
  And he hung on Ireland's apron-strings for weeks;

Then he walked down Piccadilly
And the Strand till he grew silly,
And he felt himself encouraged by the British girls'
fine cheeks.

But, alas! when he had sought her
Over land and over water,
Still he felt the same old longing as before,
So he came back home without her
Did this home-sick, love-sick doubter
And he found the girl he wanted lived the second
house next door.

AN IMPOSSIBLE GIRL

ONCE I adored a pretty girl
Of most angelic mien.
Her hair was never out of curl;
Her wit was ever keen;

Her eyes "reflected heaven's blue;"
Her talk was never dull,
And as I studied her she grew
Quite "strangely beautiful."

Her "bosom heaved," her heart was stirred
Whene'er her ear was lent,
And when sweet words of love she heard
Her color "came and went."

Her form was "half divine;" her smile
Was "limpid" as could be;
Of money she had such a pile
It seemed infinity.

And yet I could not hope to win
Her, though, as I have said,
I loved her—for she dwelt but in
A novel that I read.

DISILLUSIONMENT

Along the road at eventide,
With eager steps I swiftly stride,
Until outside the trellised gate
I pause, and for her coming wait.

"TWO lions guard that sacred way ;
Both sleep. And yet they tell me nay,
For in that land I am unknown
And I must stand outside—alone.

The sleepy sun creeps westward slow.
Beneath the hedge the shadows grow.
Above, a drowsy insect hums,
I hear a sound—my angel comes.
Across the lawn she lightly trips ;
With scissors in her hand, she snips
A pleading rosebud here and there
(How joyfully its fate I'd share!)
Until she strays—ah, can it be ?
So close, so very close to me
That as outside the hedge I stand
I might reach through and touch her hand.
She speaks. I know, alas! my guilt,
If she should see me how I'd wilt!

"How glad I am that Vassar's done ;
But didn't we have loads of fun !
Well, never mind. That foolish Jack!
I wish the fellow would come back.
He swore he never would, but then
They always do—these silly men.

"I'll give that gardener fits to-night,
These roses are three shades too light ;
But Phil, dear boy, won't notice that :
A man in love is like a bat.
Yet Jack would—dear, oh! dear,
If he should come while Phil is here,
Then there would be a jolly row!
I'm glad Maud's gone to Europe now,
She'd get Phil back into her net.
Poor girl! She loves him so—and yet——"

Along the road at eventide
With dusty, tired feet I stride,
And when I reach my hotel door
I thank my stars I heard no more.

MY ORNAMENTS

THERE hangs upon my papered wall
A dainty little wooden plaque;
An artist has depicted there
A sleek old cat, with eyes that stare,
While just beneath, a quaint old scrawl
Invites me now to "Scratch my back."

Suspended from my brass gas-jet
There hangs a box of brightest tin;
'Tis covered o'er with some soft stuff
Of darkest red, relieved by buff.
There are no matches there, and yet
The artist tells me, "Seek within."

Upon my razor's leathern case
There is a gayly painted harp;
Entwined among its silent strings
Three half-formed words, in rustic rings,
Advise me, ere I hack my face,
To use a strop and "Keep me sharp."

These pretty things are very well,
And yet I long for something more;
To me their artist never lent
Enough, perhaps of sentiment;
I do not know—it's hard to tell—
I bought them at a dollar store.

NO!

THE day that she said No to me I never shall forget,
As now my mind reviews it with no traces of regret.
My arm was twined around her waist, her lips were near to mine,
And when she murmured No to me, I felt so wondrous fine!

Though Time shall dim my eyesight and shall turn
my hair to snow,
I never shall forget the day she softly murmured No.
It may seem strange, and yet it is with fervor I con-
fess
I would not have that simple No once turned into a
Yes.
I looked into her earnest eyes, and in Love's tender
tone
I asked her if from that time forth she'd like to dwell
alone,
Content to live an old maid's life without my love; and so
You'll understand my feelings when she softly mur-
mured No!

A WOMAN'S WAY

THEY sat together, side by side,
Absorbed in Cupid's mission;
"Dear John, please tell," she softly cried,
"What was my pa's decision?"

"Alas!" said he, "I greatly fear"
(His voice began to quaver)
"My suit is not regarded, dear,"
(He heaved a sigh) "with favor.

"Your pa says he can't see at all"
(He sadly smoothed her tresses)
"How I, with such an income small,
"Can even buy your dresses."

"I think," she answered (and her eye
To his in trust was carried),
"I might lay in a good supply
Before" (she blushed) "we're married."

A FEW WANTS

WANTED : a kneepan smooth and hard,
Unseamed, and a perfect fit;
Prepared from stuff uncommonly tough
That is warranted not to split.

Wanted : a brand-new set of ribs,
Not made for vain display;
Not twisted, torn, or warped and worn,
But curved in the proper way.

Wanted : a pair of perfect ears—
No fluted edges for me;
An ear not ground, but round and sound
As a real good ear should be.

Wanted : a face. I am not vain
And a good plain face will do,
That is not a sight—with the color white—
For I'm tired of black and blue.

A man that's new I'll be once more
When these parts are all here,
And once again that auto then
I'll try once more to steer.

THE CAUSE

HIS gait is springy as he walks,
His eye is beaming bright,
He straightens up at times and stalks,
Is this good man quite right?

Is this the man who, some time since,
Was meek as he could be?
Who at a shadow mere would wince?
It is, indeed—'tis he.

Then what a change! 'Tis Nature's trick
That filled his face with joy.
He takes you by the shoulder quick
And murmurs, "It's a boy!"

TOO MUCH

SHE had read in books of scientific lore
Of the proper thing for babies, one or more.
With a thirst for information she had studied incubation,
and she read works on lactation by the score.

She declared that paregoric was a sin,
And the cradle was no place to put babes in ;
And she wrote for publication on pronounced regurgitation, and she pled renunciation of the pin.

She had studied infants' cries and what they meant,
And could locate pain whene'er the air was rent.
She was up on imbibition and all manner of nutrition,
and she was in deglutition confident.

But when her baby came she lost her head,
And every night was heard her trembling tread ;
And she got so agitated o'er each symptom indicated
that her husband, man ill-fated, turned and fled!

THE DYING BUZZER

A MOSQUITO of the legion lay dying in Montclair.
There was lack of strong men's cursing—shouts of vict'ry rent the air ;
And a comrade flew beside him, to hear what he might say
Ere he turned his billets skyward, in the keroseney way.
And he spoke : " Oh, brother buzzer, I can scarce believe it true
That the grand old State of Jersey would do this to me and you!
They've fought and bled for us so long, from countless ages back,
Of gratitude it really shows a most unseemly lack

To turn the oil cans on us, when there mingles in our veins
The blood of their best families, in all their devious strains.
To think the good old health boards, all so friendly in the past,
Ignoring their traditions, should go back on us at last!
Why, we've made a reputation for the State in prose and rhyme
That will stand throughout the ages, to the last recorded time.
O Jersey, doubly base of you petroleum to try
And leave your household favorites to lie around and die.
But there's one thought sustains me; to my dying hour it lends
The dignity of martyrdom. Not all in vain our ends!
For when we've all departed, with prophetic eye I see,
O Jersey, Jersey, Jersey, just how lonesome you will be!"

DESOLATION

SOMEWHAT back from the village street
Stands the old-fashioned country seat.
Across its antique portico
Tall poplar trees their shadows throw.
And there throughout the livelong day,
Jemima plays the pi-a-na.
Do, re, mi,
Mi, re, do.

In the front parlor, there it stands,
And there Jemima plies her hands,
While her papa beneath his cloak,
Mutters and groans: "This is no joke!"
And swears to himself and sighs, alas!
With sorrowful voice to all who pass.
Do, re, mi,
Mi, re, do.

Through days of death and days of birth
She plays as if she owned the earth.
Through every swift vicissitude
She drums as if it did her good,
And still she sits from morn till night
And plunks away with main and might,
Do, re, mi,
Mi, re, do.

In that mansion used to be
Free-hearted hospitality;
But that was many years before
Jemima monkeyed with the score.
When she began her daily plunk,
Into their graves the neighbors sunk.
Do, re, mi,
Mi, re, do.

To other worlds they've long since fled,
All thankful that they're safely dead.
They stood the racket while alive
Until Jemima rose at five.
And then they laid their burdens down,
And one and all they skipped the town.
Do, re, mi,
Mi, re, do.

A FAIR RETURN

'TWAS after the play, as we bowled along
In the carriage. Ah, how well
There lingers now in my heart of hearts
The magic of that spell!

I dared not speak in an uttered word
The thought in my heart that night,
But I gazed in her eyes and I felt she knew,
And I thrilled with wild delight.

Then it was that I dared, as we sped along,
To touch her hand with mine
Under the robe, and I thrilled again
With ecstasy divine.

And I pressed it gently. Alas for me!
For later on, I own,
I found I'd pressed not my dear one's hand,
But that of her chaperon.

Oh, reader dear, pray blame me not,
This shows in me no lack;
I squeezed the wrong hand, it is true;
But then, she squeezed mine back.

HOW A VALENTINE IS WROUGHT

HAVE you ever stopped and thought
How a valentine is wrought?
Little Cupid, sprightly elf,
At this season shows himself.
There are signs of him alway,
But we catch a glimpse to-day
Of the little fellow's work—
And, indeed, he is no shirk.
At all other times we know
He is always "on the go;"
But to-day, 'tis plain to see,
Little Cupid's on a spree.
Weeks ago, in his spare time,
He began composing rhyme;
Then before an easel staid
Till his valentines were made.
He distributes with great care
Valentines for maidens fair.
Little one, perhaps you ask:
"Is this not a dreadful task
For poor Cupid, all alone?
It would turn a heart of stone."
Ah, but let me tell you, dear,
A little bird breathed in my ear
That young Cupid, in this plight,
Blows a horn with all his might,
And from every sylvan glen
Come a host of little men.
Each one to the task is bent,
Thus the valentines are sent.

Is it not a pleasant thought
How a valentine is wrought?

A WARNING

(AFTER READING THE YORKISH LOVER TO HIS MISTRESS.)

MY love puts powder on her face—
I feel quite sure of this—
For yesterday I dared to place
Upon her cheek a kiss.

And shortly afterward I chanced
Before a glass to walk,
And as I viewed myself, I saw
My lips were white as chalk.

Next time I catch you, Love, beware!
I'll hold you close and then
I'll kiss you on your ruby lips
To turn mine red again.

A CANDID LOVER

I MIGHT descant on her hazel eyes,
Or her wondrous chestnut locks;
But I prefer in my practical way
To write of her lovely stocks.

I might go mad o'er her peach-like cheeks,
As red as they can be:
But her collection of U. S. bonds
Is what appeals to me.

I might on her beautiful hands hold forth
In a lovesick mood elate:
But my heart's most stirred when I hear accounts
Of her heavenly real estate.

I might, on charms like these, and more
Dwell long, but to me they're tame.
I'd rather dwell in the brown-stone front
That stands in her sweet name.

HE TOOK HER

SHE was a maid of high degree,
And quite severely proper.
Each man she met, so proud was she,
Would love, despair, then drop her.

But there remained without demur,
When all the rest forsook her,
An amateur photographer,
And finally he took her.

HOW SHE ACCEPTED HIM

"I LONGED to kiss you," he softly said,
"As we passed the turnpike, dear."
"Oh, that was the place," and she tossed her head,
"Where my saddle was out of gear."

"How much I loved you I longed to tell,
When we stopped at the inn, you know."
"Oh, that was the place," and her glances fell,
"Where my front wheel wobbled so."

"And then, when we reached the clover farms,
Under the old oak tree,
I wanted to clasp you, sweet, in my arms,
And ask you to marry me."

And the maid, with her rapt gaze turned away,
Blushed deep at his words of fire.
"To think," she said, "that I rode that day
Ten miles on a punctured tire!

"And so, with pleasure and real delight
I note what your words reveal;
For I've longed some time," and she clasped him tight,
"To ride on a brand-new wheel."

LONGINGS

I'D love to glide upon the ocean,
Had I a yacht of steam.
Of such expensive locomotion
Is what I fondly dream.

I'd love to own a stud of horses—
A thoroughbred, each one—
And round and round the swift race-courses
I'd love to see them run.

I'd love ten mansions for abiding
Within, where'er I roam;
Thus incidentally providing
My servants with a home.

I'd love to have a paltry hundred
Millions, more or less:
Enough, when Uncle Sam has blundered,
To fleece him in distress.

But one thing more is there presented,
To which my fancy clings:
I'd love to have a mind contented,
In spite of all these things.

ANONYMOUS

I WAS wrought by a maiden with beautiful hands,
Who painted my sides in a day,
And stitched me with silk and bedecked me with bands,
And afterwards sent me away.

I went through the mail with her card in my grasp
To a bachelor man who lived near,
And when he beheld me he gave quite a gasp
And sighed o'er the message of cheer

That she, with her dainty and feminine pen,
Had written above her fair name ;
And he looked me all over again and again
With a look that was ever the same.

" Oh, tell me," he muttered, " for I must reply
To the one who has wrought with such grace,
"Are you to hold photos ? Are you a necktie ?
Or are you a handkerchief case ?

" Maybe you're a tool bag to tie on a wheel,
Or a mat for a swell jardinière.
Your name and vocation now straightway reveal."
And his voice was the voice of despair.

But how could I tell ? For she didn't tell me.
So he wrote an acknowledgment fit
To express his surprise and his absolute glee,
And referred to me all through as " it."

MY DANCING GIRL.

MY DANCING GIRL

HER form is petite and her face is sweet,
And her color comes and goes
As she glides along through the merry throng,
Like the red of a changing rose.
She's never still and she makes me thrill
As we swing in the waltz's whirl.
But my heart? Ah, well! It's as sound as a bell,
For she's only my dancing girl.

She is small and slight, but a wondrous sight
Is the grace my maid displays
As she moves so fleet with her rhythmic feet
In the dance's rapt'rous maze.
And I sometimes feel as her dark eyes steal
To mine, and a golden curl
Rests on my hand—well, you understand—
But she's only my dancing girl.

Back of her face and her wondrous grace
There's a womanly heart, maybe.
Devotion all—a soul within call
And a wealth of love for me.
Yet I say "good-night" with a bow that's slight—
"Good-night." And you think me a churl
To let her go? Well, maybe it's so,
But—she's only my dancing girl.

WHAT IT IS

JUST a little sunshine,
Just a little rain,
Just a freezing atmosphere,
Then it's warm again.

Just a little hacking cough,
With us for a day;
Just bronchitis, tonsilitis,
Or pneumonia.

Just a little maiden,
Just a word or two,
Just a case of married life—
That's the thing to do.

Just a lot of hungry mouths,
Open night and day;
Just a hustle, brain and muscle,
Countless bills to pay.

Just a few friends here and there,
As things ebb and flow,
Just a little lingering,
As we see them go.

Just a little laughter,
Just a little song;
Just a tired feeling,
Lasting all life long.

Just a little sunshine,
Just a little rain;
Just a sojourn here awhile,
Then we're off again.

THE STUPID MAN

WITH scorn that was perceptible, she was, she said, quite skeptical of youths who were susceptible to *every* girl they met.

At first to be invincible was better as a principle. For hearts so soon convincible would easily forget.

The question of proximity was one of unanimity—should wait for love's ultimity : to sit too close was wrong.

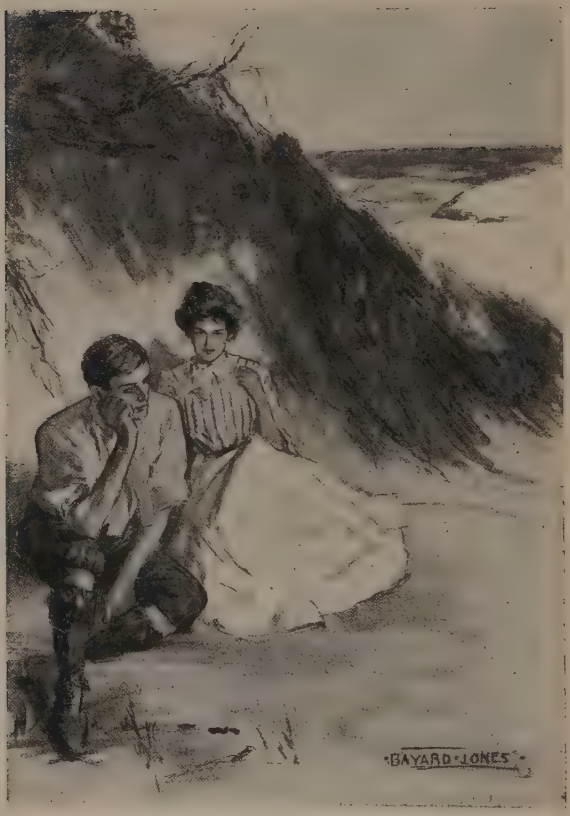
To kiss was indefensible ; 'twas *very* reprehensible—to her incomprehensible—she said in accents strong.

And then in half rigidity he bowed with grim stolidity and skipped with some rapidity. Alone, her soul was stirred.

Her eyes assumed liquidity. To *think* of his timidity! That he, with *such* stupidity, should take her at her word!

?

DEAR one, if every kiss of mine
Were but a snowflake, soft and fine,
That falls quite noiseless on thy face
And 'mong thy dimples finds a place ;
Would you consent—I whisper low
That other ears may never know
The certain bliss that ours may be,
If you but hearken unto me—
Would you consent, my love most true,
To let me be a drift to you?



HIS REASON.

HIS REASON

"I'M going back to town," he said.
Spake the maiden, "Say no more."
While the waves from the sea curled restlessly
Over the whitened shore.

"You're cruel and heartless and all things else,
You're a mean, old horrid thing!
For you said you'd stay till I went away.
There! I'll give you back your ring."

"I m going back to town." "Enough!"
She spake with a look of scorn.
"I'll make you suffer, you poor old duffer,
And sorry that you were born.

"You are going back to town, then go,
There are other men as sweet!"
And she quickly rose from her former pose,
And moved away ten feet.

"I'm going back to town," he said:
"Nay, dearest, hear me speak
And don't be rash—to get the cash
To carry me through next week."

HER ANSWER

I asked for a kiss and a cup of tea.
She looked at me quite roguishly,
And said—how can I quite forget?—
"I fear the *tea's* not ready yet."

THE LAUGH THAT COMES WITH YEARS

AN old man, near the river's brink,
Full tranquil in his teeming years,
Laughed out, as one who stops to think,
And dwells upon some chord that cheers.

His form was bent with age, and sere ;
The gulf lay wide 'twixt him and birth :
And yet his laugh rang loud and clear
As from some new-found spring of mirth.

Before this wrinkled, merry wreck
A youth who heard the sound amazed,
Stopped short, his fiery steed in check,
And long in wide-eyed wonder gazed.

"Old man," he said, "thy laughter rings
Upon my sad shield like a dart—
What merry spirit in thee sings,
That will not enter to my heart ?

"Thy secret would I know." Whereat
The old man smiled : "'Twill come thy turn ;
Thou art too young to laugh like that—
I suffered all my life to learn."

THE TALKATIVE GIRL

SHE talks about the weather and she archly wonders whether it will rain when to the theatre she will go next week with me.

She says that she's been painting—feels quite weak, almost to fainting, but her tongue keeps right on moving just as lively as can be.

She asks if I'm a dancer—never stops to get an answer, but she tells me all excitement what exquisite times she had.

Asks me what I know of dresses, and in confidence confesses that the one she wore last evening was a fright and made her sad.

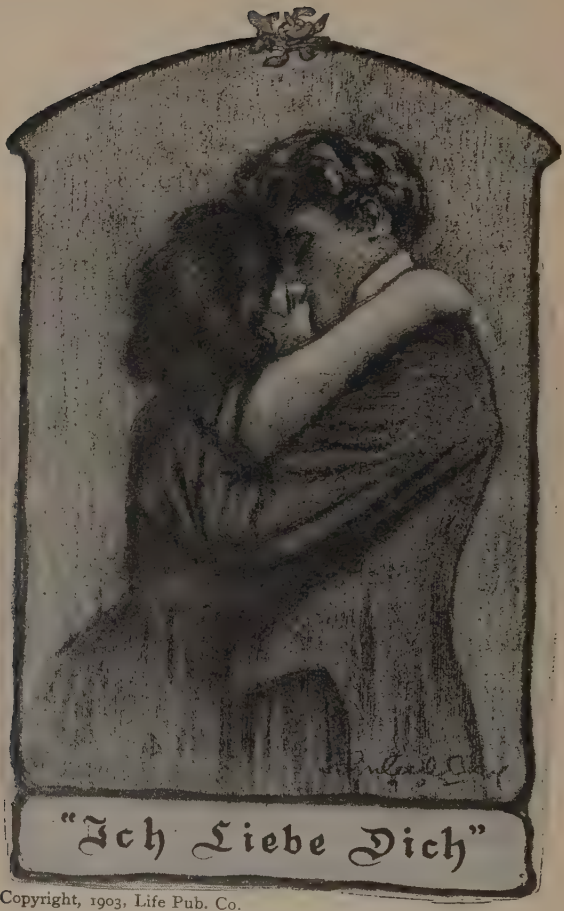
With nods she fairly bubbles, tells me all her girlish troubles and her tongue keeps on a-wagging with a never-ceasing flow.

And thus for hours I'm sitting with the golden moments flitting, for she will not let me tell her that I think I'd better go.

JUST THE THING

WHEN I proposed she did not blush,
And not one word she said.
The maiden did not tell me yes—
She simply shook her head.

She simply shook her head, and yet
No man in all the town
Could be more pleased than I was, for
She shook it up and down.



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DECEMBER.

DECEMBER

GO, melancholy!
Away with thee!
Here's time of holly
And Christmas glee.
Here's ruddy ember
At close of day.
Here's blithe December
To make us gay.
With cheeks a tingle
We take the air;
And here's Kris Kringle
Who bids us share
His teeming measure—
Come, fill the bowl!
We'll drink our pleasure
With this kind soul.
December!—Smiling,
We yield to thee:
With hours beguiling
Thy sway shall be
Complete. Come, whiten
Thy fir-trimmed ways!
With sleigh-bells brighten
Thy frost-touched days.
May all thy mornings
With brightness break:
With glad adornings
Thy shadows make;
And in thy hallways,
To crown our bliss,
May there be always
A girl to kiss!

A MODERN JOURNALIST

HE was up in mathematics, had a taste for hydrostatics and could talk about astronomy from Aristarchus down ;

He could tell what kind of beans were devoured by the Chaldeans, and he knew the date of every joke made by a circus clown.

He was versed in evolution and would instance the poor Russian as a type of despotism in the modern age of man ;

He could write a page of matter on the different kinds of batter used in making flinty gimcracks on the modern cooking plan.

He could revel in statistics, he was well up in the fistics, knew the pedigree of horses dating way back from the ark.

Far and wide his tips were quoted and his baseball stuff was noted. In political predictions he would always hit the mark.

He could write upon the tariff and he didn't seem to care if he was called off to review a book or write a poem or two ;

He could boil down stuff and edit, knew the value of a credit and could hustle with the telegraph in style excelled by few.

He could tell just how a fire should be handled ; as a liar he was sure to exercise a wise discriminative taste.

He was mild and yet undaunted, and no matter what was wanted he was always sure to get it first, yet never was in haste.

But despite his reputation as a brainy aggregation, he was known to be deficient in a manner to provoke,

For no matter when you met him he would borrow if you let him, and he seemed to have the faculty of always being broke.

UNCHANGED

SINCERITY wrote "Fraud" upon Sham's face,
And every worshipper that came
With echoing heart each symbol learned to trace,
Yet worshipped just the same!

ON A SUMMER EVENING

'TWAS dark upon the balcony,
I knew not what I did,
The moon (may be conveniently)
Behind a cloud was hid.

I only know, lured on by charms
Quite dear to any man,
I pressed a shirt-waist in my arms
And kissed a coat of tan.

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ANNABEL LEE UP TO DATE

'TWAS Christmas Eve in a brown-stone front,
In the gloaming, as it should be,
That a maiden stood, whom you all may know
By the name of Annabel Lee.
That wasn't her name, but it's all the same
To anyone else but me.

And over her head, as the maiden stood,
In a manner quite negligentlee,
Was a mistletoe branch, not placed there by chance,
But rather by Annabel Lee.
If you knew her as well as I, you could tell
That she did it while waiting for me.

Her parents at that hour were out of the way ;
This she said in her innocent glee,
And the place it was free, not only for me,
But also for Annabel Lee.
Which was not a mishap, but really a snap,
As you all will doubtless agree.

Of course, in a case like this, which was
A case of necessitee,
There really was only one thing to do,
And I did it incessantlee ;
Thus constantly kissing, and never once missing
The lips of sweet Annabel Lee.

'Twas but the beginning, and all things end,
As this did eventuallee.
Her father was wealthy, while I was broke,
Which did not come home to me
Until I was shaken, before being taken,
By the beautiful Annabel Lee.

This happened some time ago, and now,
In her kingdom by the sea,
Sweet Annabel sits, while her lord has fits,
Due to many and many a spree.
And I, all alone on my bachelor throne,
Quite pity sweet Annabel Lee.

THE SERENADER

"DEAR psychic one, if you're inclined,
Outside with me repair;
Come, leave thy mortal frame behind,
And join me in the air.

"Near by, my astral body waits
Impatiently for thee;
Float out, dear one, and let the Fates
Deal well to-night by me.

"Come, let us roam through starry space,
By planets let us stray;
A psychic path of joy let's trace
While comets light our way."

He ceased. The psychic maid inside
Quite firmly shook her head.
"I thank you, but I cannot glide
To-night with you," she said.

"A fleshly fellow waits below;
My astral's not in trim;
Besides, I think I'd rather go
And see a play with him."

DEFIED

"YOU cannot kiss me, sir," she said.
Quoth he, with manly grace,
"I think I can"; and then with ease
His lips quick touched her face.

"You dreadful thing!" she sputtered out.
"My rage I can't contain;
But I'll just tell you this, so there!
You can't do so again."

LONELY

"I SEND you, dear" (he wrote), "to-day
Two tickets to the matinée.
I can't attend myself, you know,
I'm busy with my work, and so
Just keep for me the empty place
And let your own sweet fancy trace
The outline of my form, my dear,
As though I were with you, not here—
And then, as o'er my desk I bend
This afternoon a joy will lend
Itself unto these figures grim.
In place, I'll see your figure trim,
And though we are apart, 'tis true,
Yet I'll be at the play with you."

She read, then seized a pen in hand
And wrote: "Dear George, I cannot stand
The matinée alone. Come, pray,
Or ever after stay away."

The moral of this tale, alack!
Is this: The sender's name was Jack.

DEPTHS

WITHIN her starry eyes, maybe
There shines a sweet divinity,
And yet within them seems to dwell,
For me, at times, a taste of hell.

SHE DIDN'T LIKE MEN

SHE said the men were "Horrid!" with an energy emphatical
And built upon a very dreadful plan;
And when one jarred upon her, with a gesture quite dramatical,
She said: "Well, if that isn't like a man!"

Their manners were so rough, she said with voice almost hysterical,
They were so big and vulgar, she declared
They made her very ill; and thus, with adjectives numerical,
She rattled on—not one of them she spared.

Until there came a fellow with a proposition practical
That made her cheeks turn very, very red.
"You can have me," she said to him with pout that was attractical,
"But—I wish you weren't a horrid man!" she said.

STRANGE

IT would be strange, my dearest girl, to see,
When I walk unobserved, alone with thee,
The tell-tale blush that, mantling o'er thy cheek,
Reveals thy heart's response to words I speak.
It would be strange if anything I said
Could paint thy cheek with hue of living red
That could be seen. Not that each whispered word
Would not stir up emotion soon as heard.
But that no tell-tale blush could hope to break
Through that bright carmine coat of thine own make!

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ANGELINA

WHEN Angelina graces
My presence with her smile,
My heart's removed from traces
Of every sort of guile.

I feel myself uplifted
From sordidness and sin.
To heavens above I've drifted,
All purity within.

And in such pleasant places
I linger for a while :
When Angelina graces
My presence with her smile.

LITTLE BOBBY'S CHRISTMAS TREE

LITTLE Bobby never had a Christmas tree afore
Until his pa, he got one at ther grocery store ;
And Christmas Eve, when Bobby lay all tucked snug up in bed,
An' pleasant dreams o' Santa Claus wuz floatin' through his head,
Little Bobby's father brought the tree in from outside,
And then his ma fur 'bout an hour her busy fingers plied
Er fixin' up ther tree ter make it bright ez it could be,
Until it wuz er purty sight as you could wish ter see;
With candy bags an' popcorn, too, stuck up on every limb,
An' lots o' lovely things ter make yer eyes jest swim.
Wall, I wuz there that mornin' when ther little cuss awoke—
Ther little feller so tuk back that nary word he spoke—

Jest walked around and round that tree, er taking it all in,
An' we all keeping jest as quiet—yer might have heard a pin.
And then he spoke up solemn like, an' to his pa, sez he:
"I wonder, pa, it there is seed er growin' on that tree?
Has Santa Claus left any there, do you suppose, to-day?
'Cause if he has, I'd like ter go an' plant some right away."

A MODERN COURTSHIP

HE bought her tons of caramels and gallons of ice-cream;
He sent her novels by the score and papers by the ream;
He lavished on her costly flowers of every scent and hue;
And took her out to drive each day upon the avenue;
He mortgaged all his furniture and stood in line all day!
Because she said she'd like to hear Italian op-er-a.
He opened up a long account with Tiffany & Co.,
And drew his salary ahead about a year or so;
And when he had things all arranged to pop as he had planned,
Another fellow came along and married her off hand.

THE KISS.

THE KISS

"WHAT other men have dared, I dare,"
He said. "I'm daring, too:
And tho' they told me to beware,
One kiss I'll take from you.

"Did I say one? Forgive me, dear;
That was a grave mistake,
For when I've taken one, I fear,
One hundred more I'll take.

"'Tis sweet *one* kiss from you to win,
But to stop there? Oh, no!
One kiss is only to begin;
There is no end, you know."

The maiden rose from where she sat
And gently raised her head:
"No man has ever talked like that—
You may begin," she said.

HER INVITATION

IN the parlor they were sitting—
Sitting by the firelight's glow,
Quickly were the minutes flitting,
Till at last he rose to go.

With his overcoat she puttered,
From her eye escaped a tear—
"Must you go so soon?" she muttered,
"Won't you stay to breakfast, dear?"

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TO A MODERN MAID

A THOUSAND dim ancestral beings, nay,
A thousand thousand more, and who shall say
How many more than these, have trod this sphere
To make you what you are to-day, my dear.

And yet I count it not too much, when I
Your calmly serious face to fathom try,
Nor think the sacrifice too great to tell—
They've done their work so wisely and so well!

A GREAT RELIEF

"I KNOW just what I would do," he said,
"If I were in your place, dear.
With the stars all out and the moon overhead
And only one other near.

"You are going away to the big hotel
By the side of the sounding sea;
What thoughts of others—ah! who can tell,
Will usurp your thoughts of me!

"I know just what *I* would do, my dear,
And it makes me tremble for you;
In human weakness we're all quite near,
And I know just what *I* would do.

"I would make the most of the time I had;
I would flirt the livelong day;
And that is the reason it makes me sad
To think *you*'re going away."

The maiden sat as one in a dream,
But she gave no deep-drawn sigh:
And he looked in vain for the jealous gleam
He longed to see in her eye.

"Dear boy," she said, as she took his hand,
"I'm glad to the point of bliss
(For I feared that you might not understand)
That you know me as well as this."

WHEN I GET TIME

WHEN I get time—
I know what I shall do :
I'll cut the leaves of all my books
And read them through and through.

When I get time—
I'll write some letters then
That I have owed for weeks and weeks
To many, many men.

When I get time—
I'll pay those calls I owe,
And with those bills, those countless bills,
I will not be so slow.

When I get time—
I'll regulate my life
In such a way that I may get
Acquainted with my wife.

When I get time—
Oh glorious dream of bliss!
A month, a year, ten years from now—
But I can't finish this—
I've no more time.

XFN
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